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[For information on the gender classification of terms for various phenomena of the external world and the human organism, see Category 193, pp. 18-21.]

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[For Blackfoot terms designating phenomena concerning the external world and the human organism, and for Blackfoot terms designating tribes, bands, and other sociopolitical units, see Category 192.]

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

776 hidden. It is sometimes said, however, that when he left
[825] them he told them also that, when he returned, he would find them changed — a different people and living in a different way from that which they practised when he went away. Sometimes, also, it is said that when he disappeared he went to the East.

776 It is generally believed that Old Man is no longer the
178 principal god of the Blackfeet, that the Sun has taken his place. There is some reason to suspect, however, that the Sun and Old Man are one, that *Nātōs'* is only another name for *Na'pi*, for I have been told by two or three old men that "the Sun is the person whom we call Old Man." However this may be, it is certain that *Na'pi* — even if he no longer occupies the chief place in the Blackfoot religious system — is still reverenced, and is still addressed in prayer. Now, however, every good thing, success in war, in the chase, health, long life, all happiness, come by the special favor of the Sun.

776 The Sun is a man, the supreme chief of the world. The
821 flat, circular earth in fact is his home, the floor of his lodge, and the over-arching sky is its covering. The moon, *Kō-kō-mik'-ĕ-ĭs*, night light, is the Sun's wife. The pair have had a number of children, all but one of whom were killed by pelicans. The survivor is the morning star, *A-pi-su'-ahts* — early riser.

776 In attributes the Sun is very unlike Old Man. He is a
782 beneficent person, of great wisdom and kindness, good to those who do right. As a special means of obtaining his favor, sacrifices must be made. These are often presents of clothing, fine robes, or furs, and in extreme cases, when the prayer is for life itself, the offering of a finger, or — still dearer — a lock of hair. If a white buffalo was killed, the
[778] robe was always given to the Sun. It belonged to him. Of the buffalo, the tongue — regarded as the greatest delicacy of the whole animal — was especially sacred to the Sun.

825 778 The bear has very powerful medicine. Sometimes he takes pity on people and helps them, as in the story of Mik'-api.[A]

821 789 [533] Some Piegans, if they wish to travel on a certain day, have the power of insuring good weather on that day. It is supposed that they do this by singing a powerful song. Some of the enemy can cause bad weather, when they want to steal into the camp.

People who belonged to the *Sin'-o-pah* band of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, if they were at war in summer and wanted a storm to come up, would take some dirt and water and rub it on the kit-fox skin, and this would cause a rain-storm to come up. In winter, snow and dirt would be rubbed on the skin and this would bring up a snow-storm.

778 782 823 [115] [776] Certain places and inanimate objects are also greatly reverenced by the Blackfeet, and presents are made to them. The smallest of the three buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills is regarded as sacred. "All the Indians are afraid to go there," Four Bears once told me. Presents are sometimes thrown into the Missouri River, though these are not offerings made directly to the stream, but are given to the Under Water People, who live in it.

Mention has already been made of the buffalo rock, which gives its owner the power to call the buffalo.

Another sacred object is the medicine rock of the Marias. It is a huge boulder of reddish sandstone, two-thirds the way up a steep hill on the north bank of the Marias River, about five miles from Fort Conrad. Formerly, this rock rested on the top of the bluff, but, as the soil about it is worn away by the wind and the rain, it is slowly moving down the hill. The Indians believe it to be alive, and make presents to it. When I first visited it, the ground about it was strewn with decaying remnants of offerings that had been made to it in the past. Among these I noticed, besides fragments of clothing, eagle feathers, a steel finger

A. [See Category 116, pp. 61-69--Analyst]

346 796 [575] *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, the Braves, and the All Crazy Dogs approach. Each band sings four songs, and then they raise the lodge amid the shouting of the people. It is said that, in old times, all the bands of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi* took part in this ceremony. For raising the centre post, which is very heavy, lodge poles are tied in pairs, with rawhide, so as to form [777] "shears," each pair being handled by two men. If one of [763] the ropes binding the shears breaks, the men who hold the pair are said to be unlucky; it is thought that they are soon to die. As soon as the centre post is up, the wall posts are erected, and the roof of poles put on, the whole structure being covered with brush. The door-way faces east or southeast, and the lodge is circular in shape, about forty feet in diameter, with walls about seven feet high.

Inside the Medicine Lodge, at the back, or west side, in the principal place in the lodge, is now built a little box-shaped house, about seven feet high, six feet long, and four wide. It is made of brush, so tightly woven that one [756] cannot see inside of it. This is built by a medicine man, the high priest of this ceremony, who, for four days, the duration of the ceremony, neither eats nor goes out of it in the daytime. The people come to him, two at a time, and he paints them with black, and makes for them an earnest prayer to the Sun, that they may have good health, long [821] lives, and good food and shelter. This man is supposed to have power over the rain. As rain would interfere with the ceremonies, he must stop it, if it threatens.

796 In the meantime, the sacred dried tongues have been placed in the Medicine Lodge. The next morning, the [782] Medicine Lodge woman leaves her own lodge, and, walking very slowly with bowed head, and praying at every step, she enters the Medicine Lodge, and, standing by the pile of tongues, she cuts up one of them and holds it toward heaven, offering it to the Sun; then she eats a part of it and buries the rest in the dirt, praying to the Ground Man, and calling

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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At night they were suspended within, above the owners' seat. 276
It was said that if at any time a person should walk com- 778
pletely around the lodge of a medicine man, some bad luck [784]
would befall him. Inside the lodge, no one was allowed to
pass between the fireplace and the pipe stem. No one but [756]
a medicine man and his head wife could move or unroll the
bundle. The man and his wife were obliged always to keep [386]
their faces, hands, and clothing painted with *nits'-i-san*, a
dull red paint, made by burning a certain clay found in the
bad lands.

The *Ni-namp'-skan* appears to be a priest of the Sun, and 756
prayers offered through him are thought to be specially
favored. So the sacred stem is frequently unrolled for the [755]
benefit of the sick, for those who are about to undertake a [782]
dangerous expedition, such as a party departing to war, for
prayers for the general health and prosperity of the people,
and for a bountiful supply of food. At the present time [178]
these ancient ceremonies have largely fallen into disuse. In
fact, since the disappearance of the buffalo, most of the old
customs are dying out.

The thunder is believed to bring the rain in spring, and 796
the rain makes the berries grow. It is a rule that after the 756
first thunder is heard in the spring, every medicine man
must give a feast and offer prayers for a large berry crop. I [821]
have never seen this ceremony, but Mr. Schultz was once [115]
permitted to attend one, and has given me the following
account of it. He said: "When I entered the lodge with the
other guests, the pipe stem had already been unrolled. Be-
fore the fire were two huge kettles of cooked sarvis ber-
ries, a large bowlful of which was soon set before each guest.
Each one, before eating, took a few of the berries and rubbed
them into the ground, saying, 'Take pity on us, all Above
People, and give us good.'

"When all had finished eating, a large black stone pipe [787]
bowl was filled and fitted to the medicine stem, and the

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

their furs eastward. They confined their trade primarily to the finer furs. It did not pay for them to take heavy buffalo robes of little value on their long canoe trips. The Americans, on the other hand, found the broad Missouri River an open highway down which they could transport large boatloads of bulky buffalo robes as well as the more precious furs. They knew the Blackfeet were indifferent beaver hunters but would provide large numbers of buffalo robes. As the demand for beaver declined markedly after the invention of the silk hat in the early thirties, trade in buffalo robes increased, and the buffalo robe became the standard of value in the Blackfoot trade with the Big Knives. In 1834–35 the winter's trade at Fort McKenzie amounted to 9,000 buffalo robes and only 1,020 beaver pelts, together with 40 of otter, 2,800 muskrat, 180 wolves, 200 red foxes, 1,500 prairie dogs, 19 bears, and 390 buffalo tongues.[30]

For fourteen years the American Fur Company traded with the Northern Blackfeet and Blood Indians as well as with their old friends, the Piegans, at Fort McKenzie. During this period only four of their men were killed by the Indians, and they may have deserved their fate because of their own misconduct.[31]

Establishment of regular trading relationships with the Big Knives on the Missouri encouraged a southward shift of the Blackfoot tribes, especially the Piegans. According to Alexander Culbertson, a trader who knew them well, the Piegans usually summered near the Three Forks of the Missouri and wintered on Sun River. They ranged over the intervening country, frequently visiting the Prickly Pear Valley east of present-day Helena. They numbered 550 lodges. At that time the Blood Indians (some 500 lodges) and the Northern Blackfeet (500 lodges) usually wintered north of the international line on Belly River and summered on the Saskatchewan.[32]

In the year 1833 a brilliant display of falling stars and a total

[30] Larpenteur, *Forty Years a Fur Trader*, I, 79.

[31] Anne McDonnell (ed.), "The Fort Benton Journal, 1854–1855 and Fort Sarpy Journal, 1855–1856," Montana Historical Society *Contributions*, Vol. X, 300. (Hereafter referred to as McDonnell, "Fort Benton Journal," *MHSC*.)

[32] Bradley, "Manuscript," *MHSC*, Vol. VIII, 153.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

eclipse of the sun were observed at Fort McKenzie. The Indians viewed these strange phenomena as forerunners of some great catastrophe.[33] Four years later this dire prophecy seemed to come true when the Blackfoot tribes were again humbled by a devastating smallpox plague. The epidemic originated in infected clothing carelessly placed aboard the American Fur Company's steamer in St. Louis. It spread to some of the passengers and eventually to all of the Upper Missouri tribes north of the Sioux. At the mouth of the Little Missouri a Blackfoot Indian en route home boarded the steamboat. At Fort Union he changed to the company's keelboat bound for Fort McKenzie with supplies and goods for the Blackfoot trade. On the way upriver this man and two other passengers broke out with smallpox. Informed of the approach of this disease-ridden boat, Alexander Culbertson, then in charge at Fort McKenzie, thought it prudent to halt its progress at the mouth of the Judith until the disease abated and cold weather set in. But the large camp of some five hundred lodges of Piegans and Blood Indians awaiting the arrival of the trade goods refused to listen to Culbertson's warning about the fatal disease. They threatened to bring the boat to the fort themselves if he wouldn't do so. So Culbertson ordered the keelboat to proceed to Fort McKenzie, where two of its infected passengers died shortly thereafter.

The Indians insisted on opening trade as usual. When they finished trading, they departed. Disease swept the fort, killing twenty-six Indian women and a white man. Ten days after they left the fort, smallpox began to break out among the Piegans and Blood Indians. Terrified at the sight of their healthy kinsmen wasting away with corruption, some of them committed suicide at the first symptoms of the disease by stabbing themselves or throwing themselves into streams. That fall Culbertson visited a Piegan camp of about sixty lodges in which two old women, too feeble to travel, were the sole survivors. At the junction of the Belly and St. Mary rivers the mortality was so high among the Bloods and Northern Blackfeet that they named the place

[33] *Ibid.*, Vol. VIII, 134.

[i.e., the prophecy of a catastrophe based on falling stars and a total solar eclipse in 1833--Analyst]

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

long poles connected by rawhide lines converged upon the medicine lodge from the four cardinal directions. They sang as they advanced. Then, using their poles as props, they carefully raised the center pole into position so that it stood upright in the hole dug to receive it. The medicine women stood by, praying that this pole raising might be accomplished successfully. Should the pole fail to stand upright, people would surely accuse her of being less virtuous than she proclaimed to be.

Raising the center pole provided the dramatic climax to the medicine woman's role in the sun dance. Once this pole was firmly planted, her assistants led her to her lodge, where she broke her fast on berry soup. Her husband took a final sweat bath to purify himself. Meanwhile, the other men of the great encampment completed the medicine lodge as quickly as possible by binding the rafters with the prepared hide thongs and covering the sides of the lodge with green cottonwood boughs.

Early the next morning a booth of cottonwood boughs was erected on the west side of the medicine lodge. This booth was occupied by two or more men who periodically left it to dance to the accompaniment of several old men who sang and beat upon a buffalo rawhide with rattles. Wearing only breechclouts and moccasins, the dancers faced the sun and blew upon eagle-bone whistles. Their dance consisted primarily of raising and lowering themselves on their toes in time to the music. These dancers were spoken of as "weather dancers" because they were responsible for preventing rain and insuring sunny weather through the remaining days of the ceremony. They usually performed for four days, during which they refrained from eating. At intervals during this period persons approached the weather dancers to be painted and prayed for.

On the first of the four days a fire pit was dug between the center pole and the entrance to the medicine lodge on its east side. Then, one by one, victorious warriors entered the medicine lodge, hung offerings to the sun on the center pole, and recounted their war exploits. After reciting each brave deed, a warrior placed a stick on the fire. Those who could add enough sticks

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

herds, had to move camp several times in the course of each winter for no other reason than to secure adequate pasturage. This did not necessarily entail movement of any great distance. A few miles, a short day's journey, might bring them to good pasturage.[15]

WINTER CARE

The Blackfoot regarded certain actions of wild birds and animals as winter signs. If owls screamed at night, if geese flew high, if crows shifted their wings sideways in flight, or if the pelage of otter, mink, and beaver appeared heavier than usual, they knew a hard winter was approaching, and were careful to establish winter camps in the vicinity of extensive growths of cottonwood to gain protection from the cold and high winds and supplemental food for their horses.

In winter cautious owners no longer delegated care of their horses to adolescent boys. They cared for the animals themselves. In the coldest weather men donned buffalohide caps with ear flaps, buffalo robes or Hudson's Bay blanket coats, hair-lined mittens, and moccasins when leaving their lodges to tend the horses. Although they did not watch their horses all day in winter, owners watered the animals thrice daily as they did in summer. A winter camp near a spring that did not freeze was a choice location. If a spring was not handy, men chopped waterholes in the river ice near their lodges. Each man who used the waterhole broke open any new-formed ice so the hole would not freeze solid.[16]

RUSTLING

When there was snow on the ground the Blackfoot did not hobble their horses. Their front feet were left free to paw away the snow to the dry grass below. At this practice, commonly known as "rustling," Indian ponies were remarkably adept. Unless the snow was too deep to prevent them from raising their legs (i. e. over ca. 2 feet) they generally could rustle enough food in this way to gain a meager subsistence. Denny (1939, p. 53), recalled that the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, during their first winter in Alberta, employed Indian ponies which "were hardy, serviceable animals, and would find their own food under the snow by pawing in the coldest weather." Later experience of that efficient force proved to them that eastern,

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[15] My Kiowa informants also recalled that their winter camps had to be moved when the neighboring grass supply became inadequate for their horses. Dunbar (1880, p. 332) reported Pawnee winter camp movements due to exhaustion of grass for horses. Undoubtedly, this factor conditioned winter movements of all the nomadic Plains Indians and those horticultural tribes who spent the winter season on prolonged hunting excursions away from their more permanent villages.

[16] The Cree practice of placing alkali earth around waterholes to keep horses from straying was not mentioned by Blackfoot informants (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 196).

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

794 Night Gun said Wolf Calf transferred some of his horse medicine power to his son-in-law, Fish Child. Fish Child then began to have dreams of horse medicine. He and Wolf Calf decided to pool their knowledge. Lazy Boy claimed Fish Child's primary contribution was his discovery of a medicine for stimulating an exhausted horse. Lazy Boy credited Wolf Calf with originating the use of horse medicine for influencing the actions of race horses. Fish Child transferred horse medicine to Boy (born ca. 1848), the Gros Ventres brought up by a Piegan chief. Boy dreamed of a whip and a rope. These sacred articles were added to the leader's bundle and have been employed in the horse dance ceremony ever since.

794 231

794 [718] [796]

Night Gun mentioned no other Piegan who made any significant contribution to the elaboration of the sacred paraphernalia, ritual, or medicinal practices of Piegan horse medicine men. He was familiar with the history of some of the transfers of this power among the Piegan. Fish Child transferred some of his power to Stingy, the blind man renowned as a breeder of horses, who in turn transferred at least a part of his paraphernalia, "the double whip," to Eagle Child, who died near Starr School in 1941. Fish Child also transferred some of his power to White Grass, a band chief. In his last illness Fish Child gave his power to his son, Black Coyote (born ca. 1831). Weasel Head (who died in 1943) received some horse medicine from Boy.

[821] [789]

Tracing the transfers from Wolf Calf since the time of his exchange of medicines with Fish Child, Night Gun told of at least one occasion on which Wolf Calf aided White Quiver, the most successful of all Piegan horse raiders, by giving him one of the plumes from his bundle and explaining how it could be used to bring stormy weather when White Quiver approached an enemy camp to capture horses. Wolf Calf also gave some medicine and a plume to Iron Shield. Little Plume received some of Wolf Calf's medicine, and shortly before his death gave it to his brother, Yellow Kidney (still living). The gift included two horse medicine songs.

794 756

Night Gun said his grandfather, Wolf Calf, carefully taught him the songs and ritual of the horse dance and the uses of some horse medicines. Wolf Calf intended for Night Gun to be his successor as leader of the cult. However, when Wolf Calf died, his son White Antelope (born ca. 1860) claimed the sacred horse medicine bundle. There was an argument and Mike Short Man and White Antelope split the bundle. White Antelope lost interest in horse medicine, but noted that Phillip Arrowtop was becoming interested in it. On his death White Antelope left the bundle to Wallace Night Gun with the provision that Phillip Arrowtop (still living) should be given some of the paraphernalia and medicines. This was done. When Mike-

824 778 773 The mediating nature of plants can be seen in the important function of the Holy Turnip of the Natoas bundle. The turnip (symbolized by a plumed headdress) was the plant that was pulled from the ground by the woman who married Morning Star and went to live in the sky. It was through the hole left by the plant that she saw her people once again; then she became homesick and at length returned, bringing with her the Natos bundle as a gift from the supernatural realm. The turnip had quite literally become a gate through which the connection between man and the supernatural was realized.

824 [783] It was no accident that all the plants used in the smudges and sweat lodges were aromatic herbs. Sweat grass, juniper, alpine fir, and sage yielded potent scents to those in need.

[821] Another practice illustrates this point. It is well known that the elements of the weather were personified by the Blackfoot. Such was the [782] case with the thunder. It was during heavy storms that needles of alpine fir (Abies lasiocarpa) were placed on a smudge with the expressed desire that Thunder would smell the symbolic offering, recognize his loyal subjects, and keep his lightning away from the camps.

[781] The figuring of plants in important parts of Blackfoot religion and mythology is evidence of strong belief in their effectiveness in helping anyone disposed to use them for attaining spirituality. Other plants had slightly different functions in the religious life of the Blackfoot---aspen and poplar (Populus spp.) for centerpoles, the "power root" (Angelica dawsonii) of the Horn Society, and tobacco---but the difference seems to have been one of degree rather than essence.

This overview is not meant to be more than suggestive of Blackfoot religious conceptions. The topic far exceeds the scope of this study. Our task is merely to document some of the uses of plants in Blackfoor religious activity. The remainder of this paper is devoted to those particulars.

824 like a religious bundle. One informant, who owned a Weasel-tailed suit,
796 said that the black tip of the weasel's tail represented a creeping juniper
[237] berry that had become attached.
[292]

ALPINE FIR

824 Abies lasiocarpa (Hook) Nutt
783
782 Katoy-yis, the Blackfoot "sweet pine"----that is, alpine fir (Fig. 19)----
was used as incense, primarily in association with the Medicine Pipe bundles.
[276] This was because pipes had been given by Thunder. Similarly, a smudge of
[773] alpine-fir needles was made, for safety's sake during severe thunderstorms.
[789]
[824] For the benefit of the reader and student we have included a list of medicine
778 pipe bundles with which the use of this plant is required as incense:
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Long Time Pipe

Riding Pipe

Gros Ventre Pipe

Cree Pipe

Mandan Pipe

Opposite Direction Pipe

Arapahoe Pipe

Childrens Pipe

Short Pipe

Small Pipe

Red Covered Pipe

Shaggy Covered Pipe

White Mans Pipe

Sarsi Pipe

Numerous unnamed medicine pipe bundles

000 We have found fir needles in the initiation bundles of the Horn Society.

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796 Sometimes he will be sleeping without his clothes on, and he
798 will be surprised. We say, "He was awakened with a medicine pipe."

They had other ceremonies at the Sun Dance in those days, too. There were two or three beaver bundles, and sometimes
778 they were opened or transferred. My father had one of these,
793 once. His father was named Khi-soum—Sun—and he was the main beaver man among the Bloods. He and his wives knew all about the birds and animals that were in the bundle. There must have been hundreds of them, all skinned and tanned. Some had glass beads sewn in for eyes. Some had hair stuffed in their bodies to look real. Us kids were painted and blessed for some of these things. My grandfather Khi-soum was a real beaver man, just like a bishop. He knew all the many songs for the bundle, and he knew the legends and ceremonies.
793 Beaver men knew the weather and how the seasons change.
[821 They kept count of the days and passing moons with sticks
[805 from their bundles. They were in charge of the Sun Dance, and
[796 of the Holy Smoke Ceremonies that we still have during nights
[798 in winters. They even had medicine pipes in their bundles. They were called beaver pipes, or water pipes, because that's where they were first given to the people.

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

539 with them he spit over his shoulders, and right away a lake formed behind them. The bear was delayed in going around this water. As she started to catch up again the powerful brother threw back his porcupine-tail hairbrush and right away a dense thicket formed behind them. When the mean bear got through that they all decided to climb a tall tree. The mean bear stood at the bottom and said: "Well, now I will kill you all for sure." Then she started shaking the tree with all her strength.

Before long four of the brothers had fallen out of the tree and were lying on the ground, dazed. The bear was just about to go over and kill them when the powerful brother took an arrow from his quiver and shot her between the eyes. Right away it turned back into their sister, but she was dead. The powerful brother felt so bad about having killed his own sister that he proposed to the others to go somewhere far away. They asked where they might go to, and for an answer he told them all to close their eyes. Then he took another of his arrows and he shot far into the sky. When they opened their eyes back up they were all floating in the sky.

821 The old people say that this was the start of that part of the Great Bear constellation known as the Big Dipper. In Blackfoot it is called the Seven Brothers. They say that the four brothers who fell from the tree are the four lowest stars of the Big Dipper. The little sister is said to have grown up and married one of the stars of the Little Dipper. They say she is the bright one, known as the North Star, which the old people call "the star that never moves." In the old days they used it as a nighttime compass.

539 575 *THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED A DOG*

They say this is a true story, because it explains the origins of the ancient Blackfoot warrior society called the Dogs.

drunk to ease delivery at birth or to bring on an abortion. The crushed leaves used to be bound to itchy parts of the body. 844 847 757

PRAIRIE SMOKE (*Geum triflorum*): Called "lying on its belly" because its roots grow along close to the ground, it is still dug up, scraped, washed, and then crushed and boiled to treat sore throats, as well as sore, swollen, or snow-blinded eyes. The roots can be crushed and mixed with melted grease to treat sore gums, or mixed with melted kidney fat as a drink to treat ulcers. This kidney fat mixture can be applied to body sores such as chapped lips, blisters from riding, and sore nipples from nursing. The leaves are also brewed for a person spitting blood. Finally, ripe seeds gathered from the white flowers can be crushed to make a perfume. 824 757 752 303

PUFFBALLS: Known as "dusty stars," these fungi are thought to be the remnants of fallen stars, which dot the Prairies. The puffy substance, used to catch sparks, was an essential part of fire-making kits. Puffballs were also held against bleeding noses to stop the flow, and applied to cuts on horses. The yellow contents were brewed for a drink to treat hemorrhage. They were also used as a compress for hemorrhoids, and by women while menstruating. 821 824 372 757 232 757

SAGE (*Artemisia gnaphalodes*): "Man-sage" had many uses in addition to those already cited by Atsitsina. The basis of a decoction for treating coughs, its leaves could be chewed to stimulate appetite. It was also a main source of "toilet paper" in the Old Days. Burning leaves created a smudge to drive away flies and mosquitoes; soft leaves placed in nostrils checked bleeding. And it sometimes was added to dried meat for seasoning, although it was not actually eaten. 824 [757] [261] [514] [751] [757] [263]

SAGE (*Artemisia frigida*): "Woman-sage," which grows together with man-sage, was used by women in the same way men used man-sage, except that women used it addi- [137] [941]

[p. 187-B]

it could go under water; its skin was common in Medicine Pipe Bundles. 825

LOON: *Matsiisaipi*, or "handsome charger," because when it skimmed across water, it reminded our Old People of a proud warrior charging into battle; the loon is the second most important bird in Medicine Pipe Bundles, after the owl.

CROW: *Maisto* is its Indian name, but the origin has been lost.

RAVEN: *Omachkaisto*, or "big crow," which the Old People considered the wisest of birds. Men on the war or hunting trail always looked for and followed it because success was sure to await the party in the direction the raven flew. Two restless ravens in the path of a war party indicated enemies ahead. A raven circling slowly over a camp meant that some news was forthcoming. [787]

WOODPECKER: *Pachpakskskissi*, or "pounding its nose." The red-headed woodpecker, whose cry is said to sound like the Blackfoot expression "stick your heads out so that I can eat you," is *mikimita*, which means "fire-reddened breast," or *ekotsotokan*, which means "red head." Lewis's woodpecker is known as "big mikimita." The pileolated woodpecker is called *sikskikunnikesuyi*, said to mean "flashes black feathers," although the term also suggests flashing something more vulgar than feathers.

MAGPIE: *Mamiatskikim*, or "has a body like a fish," because of its long tail. Its cry resembles a slumber song old women sing for little children: "Long tails—fly ahead and stab your provision bag at my door." It refers to the way they stab their beaks at whatever they can find. [533]

CATBIRD: *Pokah*, or "child," because its cry resembles a baby calling *Na-ah*, or "Mama."

MEADOWLARK: *Otachkuikaii*, or "yellow breast." To the Old People, spring arrived at the first sign of a meadowlark. They [821] [787]

[p. 190-B]

SEPTEMBER—Chokecherry Moon; Long-Time Rain; Leaves Blown from Trees by Winds; End of Summer Moon. 905

As you can see from the list, there are twelve moons, each having several names. When our people came under the influence of the white man's calendar, the multiple names of the original fourteen moons probably were gradually redistributed among the twelve months. No one remembers the names of the original fourteen moons. [177]

There are four days between each "moon" when the moon does not show. Our Old People called this four-day period the "opening," as when a Medicine Pipe Bundle is opened inside the lodge before it is taken out for all to view. Some say that the moon then lasts for twenty-six days, and some say that it lasts for thirty, which may also be an adaptation to the modern calendar. Our Old People broke the moons down into nights, rather than days. The term "sleeps" was used to signify the passing of time, as in "we traveled three sleeps to get here." [821]

At night the question How is the last brother pointing? meant "What time is it?" This referred to the position of the seven stars (Ursa Major) which, according to legend, were originally seven brothers. [821]

Certain people, especially Beaver Men, kept track of the seasons and moons. They cut fourteen fresh buckskin strings at the beginning of the new year (winter) and kept these at the top of the sacred Bundle. Each evening, while making incense, a knot was tied in the buckskin string for that moon. The twenty-six or thirty knots were tied in sequence; the four "opening nights" knots were tied as a group a short distance away. The moon of each string could be further identified with special colorings or beads. Sometimes carved sticks were used instead of strings. More often, the sticks represented a whole month, a whole season, or even a whole year. Since the strings or sticks 905 211

[p. 195-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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TELLING FUTURE WEATHER

Our Old People had ways of foretelling weather conditions by observing the many signs of nature. An upcoming winter, a new spring, or even future events could be prepared for by making certain observations. 821 ●

If muskrats built their houses close to shore, the People expected a mild winter, and if houses were built some distance from shore, they expected an average winter. If the muskrats built out toward the middle of a pond or slough, however, the People prepared for a tough winter. 821 825

If migrating geese were flying high, that was also a sign for a mild winter. If the geese flew low, the Old People would say, "The geese are close to the ground. We had better look for lots of supplies for the upcoming winter."

The pelts of animals were checked for thickness to learn how to prepare for winter; the thicker the pelts, the more severe the winter would be.

The color of rabbits indicated how soon winter would arrive and how soon it would be leaving. As winter approached, they would turn white; toward spring, they'd turn brown again.

Winter was expected to come early and strong if curlews stopped singing early in summer, if meadowlarks left the area before the berries got ripe, and if songbirds were seen gathering in flocks early.

During the winter, the People would watch for the spectacular northern lights, the aurora borealis. They believed the lights came from the "Woods White Men," who were having a dance. If the lights were bright, a big storm was expected within two days. If the lights were not very bright, a mild storm was expected, probably just a wind storm. 821

At the end of winter, the People watched gophers digging their holes. A lot of dirt outside the hole meant the gophers were digging deep 821 825

and that the grass would not grow very well. 821
People then said the buffalo flowers would not 825
grow tall and the buffalo would not be fat. Buffalo were said to get good and fat on the buffalo flowers.

When Sun paints both of his cheeks (when 821
two Sun Dogs, or halos, show) the weather will turn very bad. When Sun paints his forehead and [763]
his chin as well as his cheeks (four Sun Dogs), it is a sign that a great man is going to die.

A rainbow during a storm meant that Thunder was roping the rain clouds and taking them somewhere else, so that the storm would soon be over.

Today the Old People say that signs of nature are difficult to read because of the ways that man has changed nature around. Atsitsina gives this example:

Oki, I used to hear the Old People say that when Night Light [Moon] is lying on her back that she is resting and that the weather will be good. My father would say, "She is lying back like a bowl and holding in all the rain water. When she is finished resting, she will make it cold or rain again."

When Night Light is standing all the way up, the Old People will say that she is mad. You better dress warm because it is going to get cold.

Now it is all different. These white men, they 821
are bad. They fly to the moon and they have 829
moved it. All things have changed. The weather is not like it used to be. The things that my father taught to me don't always work right anymore because things change in strange ways. That is not how things were made to be.

THE SEVEN BROTHERS

Our Old People thought of stars as the spirits of 821
legendary People, and the names they endowed them with suggest these origins. Most of these legends have been forgotten, but three are still quite well known. Two concern the two groups of [532]

[p.200-A]

stars that are symbolically represented by circles on the smoke flaps of most of our painted Medicine Tipis. 821 [532]

One legend tells of that part of the Great Bear commonly called the Big Dipper. We call it the Seven Brothers. 773 539 821

In the long-ago there was a widowed man who had nine children: six grown sons, a small son, and two daughters, the younger of whom cared for the little boy. To keep the family supplied with food he and his six grown sons went out hunting nearly every morning. As soon as the hunters left, the grown daughter would immediately go off to gather firewood.

As time went by, the younger daughter began to wonder why her older sister always spent so much time gathering firewood, and why she went to do it only while the men were away. So one day she followed her sister into the brush. She was much surprised to see her older sister meeting with a large bear and making love with him for some time. She hurried home, much confused by what she had seen.

When her father and brothers returned that evening, the young girl told them about her discovery. They were quite insulted, as not only had the older sister embarrassed the family by turning down several good men who wished her for a wife, but now she had an illicit husband who was a bear. They immediately gathered their weapons and went after the bear and killed him.

When the older sister learned what had happened to her lover, she was greatly upset. She went to the body of the bear and took from it a part, which she wrapped up and carried next to her own body.

The People in the camp learned about the incident and ridiculed the girl until she became very angry. She prayed to the Spirit of her lover for help, and all at once she turned into a huge bear. She ran through the camp and tore down the lodges and killed most of the People, before the Power left her and she again became herself.

[p.200-B]

The younger sister saw this and became greatly frightened. She put her little brother on her back and ran into the woods to hide. There she encountered her returning brothers, who were in mourning because their father had been killed in an accident while hunting. When they heard what had happened at the camp they were even more grieved. They told their young sister to go back home and secretly gather up spare moccasins and food so that they would be equipped to travel to some distant place together. They told her that they would place cactus thorns in front of the tipi door, leaving a narrow path for her to cross over and making it difficult for their older sister to follow. 773 539 821

The little sister and her brother returned to the tipi and quietly gathered the supplies. But soon the older sister realized what was going on and began to get very angry. The little girl quickly put her brother on her back, grabbed the provisions and ran out the door, carefully avoiding the cactus thorns as she ran. The older sister chased after them but her feet became covered with the thorns. As she hollered in pain, she again got her lover's Power and turned into a bear. At that she chased after the others.

Now one of the brothers had a lot of Power of his own. When he saw that the bear was about to catch up to them he spit over his shoulders, and right away a lake formed behind them. The bear was delayed in going around this water. As she started to catch up again, the Powerful brother took his porcupine tail hairbrush and threw it behind him. Right away a dense thicket was formed, and the bear had a difficult time getting through it. As the bear began to catch up to them once again, they decided to climb a large tree. The bear stood at the bottom and said, "Well, now I will kill you for sure." The Powerful brother took out his bow and arrows while the bear began to shake the tree. Four of the brothers fell out of the branches; but before the bear could do anything to them, it was struck by an arrow between the eyes. Right away the bear turned

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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back into their sister, but she was dead. 773

The Powerful brother felt sad for having killed his own sister. He said to the others, "Well, we have no one left here on Earth now, so we might as well go somewhere else." The others agreed and asked where they might go. He told them to close their eyes, and then he shot an arrow far into the sky. When they opened their eyes they were all floating in the sk[illegible]. 539 821

Thus was formed the Big Dipper, or Ursa Major. The four brothers who fell from the tree are the four lowest stars in the group, while the other brothers form the remaining three. Some say that the small star to one side of the handle is the little sister, while others say that she married one of the stars of the Little Dipper, and that she is the North Star, or Pole Star. Our People, who call this "the star that never moves," used it as a nighttime compass in the Old Days. 821

Another nighttime compass our Old People used was Morning Star, which the Old People called *Ipisoachs*. In our legends, he is the son of Sun and Moon, which is why he shines during the time between night and day. Like his father, he comes from the east, indicating the arrival of morning.

There is another star that is not quite so bright and comes up before Morning Star; this was called Mistaken Morning Star, for obvious reasons.

The other group of stars usually represented on the smoke flaps of our sacred tipis are commonly known as the Pleiades, but we call them the Poor Children. [532]

THE POOR CHILDREN

In the camps of the long-ago there was a poor family with six boys. They were always dressed shabbily. It was early in the summer season, when men went out every day to hunt and replenish the supply of meat and hides that had been used up during the winter. This was the time mos[illegible] chil- 773 539 821

[p.201-B]

dren received from their parents new robes made from the soft hides of calves. But the six poor boys continued wearing their old scabby robes because their father was too poor to hunt for any calf skins. 773 539 821

The other children made fun of the old hides worn by the poor boys. The boys were too ashamed to play with the other children and felt that their parents did not care for them. The poor boys wandered away from the camps and were soon lost out on the prairie. The Spirits of the Sky felt sorry for them and invited them to come and live up there. So that is where they went. It is said that they still hide out of shame during the time when buffalo calves are hunted for their skins. That is why they cannot be seen at that time of the season.

The Pleiades, incidentally, are made up of seven stars, but only six can normally be seen with the eye. 821

Our Old People gave Mars the name Big-Fire Star, because of its red color. Mistaken Morning Star, or Venus, was also called Day Star, because it can sometimes be seen in the middle of the day. Morning Star, by the way, is known today as Jupiter.

[p.202-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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THE PERSON'S HAND

This legend is about the constellation known as Lynx. Our People knew this group of stars as the Person's Hand.

Two friends were out hunting buffalo, long ago. When they located a small herd, they separated so that they would have a better chance of success in case the herd moved away from them. One of the men shot a cow; the other one got nothing. The one who got nothing came up to his friend who was busy butchering his kill, saying, "Well, friend, I got nothing, so why don't you give me the kidney from your cow." The other said, "No, you scared the herd away. I was lucky to get this one." At that point they began to argue, and the unsuccessful hunter attempted to reach into the cow and grab the kidney for himself. The man became angry, took his knife and slashed off his friend's hand and threw it up into the sky, where it remained to become the Person's Hand. In retaliation, the wounded man cut off his friend's hand, and from then on the People found a section of the buffalo's stomach that they called a person's hand.

And that is all I know and was able to learn about stars.

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773
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22: Wissler & Duvall E,I-5 (1902-1907) 1908
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Napiw[a], also entirely human. This is certainly in contrast to many of the surrounding tribes in whose mythologies similar antics are attributed to a rabbit, coyote, or spider-like person. Thus we have another of those frequent suggestions that the Algonkin tribes of the Plains themselves constitute a sub-group.

It is unfortunate that so little Cree mythology has been recorded, as the few narratives published by Russell[1] suggest the closest relation to those of the Blackfoot so far encountered. Similarities to Fox and Ojibwa myths seem much more numerous among the Blackfoot than among the Arapaho, Gros Ventre, or Cheyenne. Thus, the wide distribution of these characteristics among the various Algonkin speaking tribes of the Missouri-Saskatchewan area, seems to favor the view that the Old Man myths represent the older basic beliefs of the Blackfoot. In this connection the failure to find in the present mythological beliefs evidence of the identity of the Old Man and the Sun, justifies the assumption that the secondary character of the former is due to the intrusion of the latter.

According to the testimony of many writers, the Blackfoot Indians took great interest in the heavens, and possessed considerable astronomical knowledge. However that may be, this collection contains an unusual number of Star Myths. We have considered them as such because the chief characters either appear as heavenly bodies (though sometimes in disguise), or become such at the end of their earthly careers. In many cases this transformation forms no essential part of the narrative, being a mere incident, or as it were an afterthought by the narrator. This is especially noticeable in the Twin-Stars, or Brothers, where we find an elaborate myth composed primarily of the widely distributed Found-in-the-Grass. The same may be said of Blood-Clot or Smoking-Star. On the other hand, we find the Morning-Star as an important character in a number of myths, where he appears as the son of the Sun and Moon. In Blackfoot religion these three are in many respects a sacred trio to whom prayers are addressed individually and collectively. Again, in the Morning-Star myths we find the well-known incident of a woman marrying a star, in this case the Morning-Star himself, whose son by this union becomes the Fixed-Star. Taking the entire eight Star Myths as a whole, but three appear to be original with the Blackfoot, — Cuts-Wood, Scar-Face, and the Bunched-Stars.

A large number of myths function as ritualistic origins, the rituals themselves being in part dramatic interpretations of the narratives. Yet, while the rituals are fixed and rigidly adhered to, the myths show the same wide variations in detail as those of other groups. This is contrary to expectation.

[1] Frank Russell, Explorations in the Far North, 1898, pp. 201–220.

22: Wissler & Duvall E,I-5 (1902-1907) 1908
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II. STAR MYTHS.

539

1. The Twin Brothers, or Stars.[1]

A long time ago there was a man by the name of Smart-Crow. When he travelled, he always went by himself. One day after he was married he told his wife that in the future two children would be born to them, both boys. He predicted that one of them would be an outlaw (?) and the other a good man. Smart Crow knew this, because a Crow had given him the information in a dream. This Crow also told him, that, before his two children were born, an evil man would try to kill their mother. The Crow told the man that he must warn his wife. It said, "This man will come to the lodge when you are away, and ask to come inside. Your wife must say nothing to him. He will repeat the visit four nights." The next time Smart-Crow went out to hunt, he told his wife about this dream, and warned her not to speak to the strange man.

While Smart-Crow was away, the strange man came and stood before the lodge. After a while the woman thought to herself, "Why does not this man come in?" Now, the stranger had great power. He read the woman's thoughts, and, as soon as she thought this, the man answered by saying, "I will tell you why." So he entered the lodge and sat down, saying as he did so, "I knew you wished me to come in." Now the woman began to cook some meat for the stranger, and when it was ready, she put it in some wooden bowls, and placed it before him. There were four kinds of bowls in the house. Some were made of hard knots of wood; some, of bark; some, of buffalo-horn; and some, of mountain-sheep horn. After the woman had cooked the meat, she placed it before the stranger in a wooden bowl. The stranger looked at it and said, "That is not the kind of bowl from which I take my food." Then the woman took the food, and, putting it into a bark bowl, offered it to him again. "No," he said, "I do not take my food from bark." So the woman took the food, placed it in a bowl of buffalo-horn, and offered it to him for the third time. Again he refused, saying that he did not take food from horns. The woman took back the food, and, putting it in a bowl of sheep-horn placed it before him; but he refused to take food in such a dish. Now the woman was troubled, and looked about the lodge for something in which to serve the food. Finally she saw a piece from the horn of a moose, and offered him food upon it

[1] Sometimes spoken of as the Origin of the Four-Tail Lodge; also spoken of as the Dusty Stars, or Puff-Balls. The Blackfoot have a curious belief that certain kinds of fungi are associated with the stars. Sometimes these fungi are spoken of as the "fallen stars." See pp. 19, 42, 44, 60.

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
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and first takes the painted tongue and then all the others and hangs them up as before. This ends the ceremony. 796 [533]

Two days later, the same participants are called together to the same tipi and the woman rises and takes first the painted tongue and then the others from where they were hung. A parfleche is brought and a buffalo song sung: "Buffalo I take. Where I sit is powerful." The painted tongue and then the others are placed on the parfleche. Wild peppermint is put in with the tongues, the parfleches are tied up and placed at the rear of the tipi. Sometimes tongues are dried in front of the tipi on a stage made by setting up two travois with a lodge pole tied between them. [533] [263] [251]

The man and woman who lead the ceremony must not have any metal about them. Brass rings, earrings, and all such trinkets must be taken off. Nor must there be any knives in the vicinity. Even the knives with which the tongues are cut are taken out. No one must spit in front of him, but always close to the wall under the beds. If they do, it will rain. No water is brought into the medicine lodge and when water is brought, it is covered. The only time when it is permitted to eat or drink is before sunrise and after sunset. They must be given food by the instructors. The prayers in this ceremony are prayers for good luck for everyone in the camp. [823] [301] [784] [821] [782]

This closes the preliminaries to the ceremonies leading to the sun dance and may be designated as the cutting of the tongues. As in most other cases, there seems to have been considerable variation in this procedure, both as to time and order. Certainly, for a number of years, it has been much abbreviated. As implied in the program, this ceremony may be performed on the first day. The gathering of tongues was dependent upon circumstances and after the days of the great buffalo drives was a matter of gradual accumulation. Thus, it was explained, that by necessity, the "cutting" was often repeated, though naturally with less ceremony. 796 178

The parfleches containing tongues are kept in the medicine woman's tipi where they are "prayed and sung over" during the first and second days of the program. The underlying thought seems to be that they are consecrated to the sun. 796 178

In the procession of the fourth day, the parfleches are carried behind the medicine woman by her attendants. In former years, these were the women who had promised "to go forward to the tongues." They are present at the ceremony in the medicine woman's tipi and may be said to be in attendance during the entire fasting period. At the time indicated in the program, the parfleches are opened and the women in turn step out with some of the dried tongue, face the west, and each holding up a piece, address the sun then nearing the horizon. They declare their innocence of adultery, as at the time of making the vow and cutting the tongues. They also 796 782

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
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796 Being a good and true woman, like all others who give the sun dance,
793 she spurned him. Next day she told her husband the whole story. He
837 was very angry. He was not satisfied with the confession she made, but
783 suspected that she must have given the young man some encouragement. So when all the medicinemen and women had come into the tipi to rehearse the songs as usual, he made a statement of these suspicions and as he had two wives, he proposed to have them change places.

[756] The medicinemen pleaded for the first wife because they believed her innocent, but the husband was obdurate. So the second wife was called in to take the place. Then the first wife said, "It was I who saved this man's life when he was ill. I made the vow to give the sun dance and he got well. I have suffered much in fasting, all for him. Now he disgraces me before all the people. But I will put my virtue to a test. If I am true, I have already acquired power."

[782] She filled a pipe, went outside and standing now on the east side of the
[821] tipi, then on the south, the west, and the north, she addressed the sun.
[789] The day was clear, but soon after the woman entered the tipi, thunder was heard. A storm came down with hail and blew over many tipis. But in spite of these proofs, her husband was obdurate and the second wife went on with the ceremony.

796 Not long after the sun dance this same man became ill again. Finally, as
755 a last resort, he called upon the first wife to save him again. This woman
593 told him to call upon the other woman as he seemed to have so much faith in her. So he died and was properly punished for so unjustly treating his faithful wife.

The Procession to the Dancing Lodge.

796 In our account of the natoas ritual we told how the father, son, etc.,
798 emerge from their tipi. The file is headed by the father, followed by the
793 son, next the mother, then the medicine woman followed by women bearing
788 the tongues. The father and the son are muffled in blankets (robes); the latter walks with bowed head, leaning heavily on a staff and bearing over his head a wild rhubarb stalk.[1] The medicine woman wears the natoas on her head, an elkskin (often buckskin) dress and an elkskin robe, with the digging-stick on her back. For a staff, she uses one of the smudge sticks. The women in her rear bear parfleches containing the tongues, together with blankets and other ordinary objects. Two or three old men act as

[534] [1] Scar-face is said to have made a whistle (flageolet) of such a stalk. The pith of the
[824] growing plant is sometimes eaten for food.
[262]

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
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796 793 346

her travois. While when the other brush was brought in there was much shooting and shouting, there are now no demonstrations of any kind, but absolute silence.

The Weather Dancers.

796 346

Early on the fifth day, a booth is built inside the dancing lodge opposite the entrance. A slight excavation about six feet square is made over which is erected a shelter of green cottonwood boughs, open on the side facing the sun pole. Before the middle of the day, a procession of one or more men supposed to have power over the weather, attended by drummers, proceeds by stages from the medicine woman's tipi to this booth. They pause four times and dance, facing alternately the east and the west. They hold whistles of bone in their mouths, which are sounded in unison with the dancing. The procession is of two transverse lines, the dancers, in front, the drummers and singers behind. A great deal of dancing is done between the entrance to the dancing lodge and the booth. At intervals during the day they stand before the booth and dance to the east and west: the drummers are now stationed on the south side of the booth where women also assemble for the singing. The dancing is chiefly an up and down movement produced by flexing the knees, the eyes are directed toward the sun and wing-like movements of the hands are made in the same direction. The dancers wear breechcloth and moccasins and usually a robe around the waist. Their faces and bodies are painted according to their own medicines and medicine objects worn on their heads.

796 535 [791] [789] [821]

[291] [302]

796 791 535

It is stated that there is but one weather dancer, but others may join under certain conditions. In practice this seems to amount to there being a director or leader in the dance, at least such was the case in 1903 and 1904. In 1904 the two assistant dancers went to the medicine woman's tipi to paint themselves and began their procession from there, while the leader approached in a similar manner from his own tipi, the two forming one procession before the east side of the dancing lodge was reached. The leading dancer wore a special ceremonial robe, headdress, and several medicine objects, which have been described in Volume 7 (pp. 98–99).

[292]

These objects and their medicine functions may be regarded as esoteric in so far as they are not absolutely essential to the office of leading dancer. Yet, this same individual seems to have performed this function for a number of years. Clark mentions strings of feathers tied to the finger of this dancer.[1]

[237] [301]

In 1904 there were two assistant dancers. Both wore headdresses

[113]

[1] Clark, W. P., *The Indian Sign Language* (Philadelphia, 1885), 72.

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

somewhat like that of their leader. One was fully dressed with a blanket around his waist; the other was nude to the belt. The latter was painted chiefly in red with a circle in blue on the back and one on the breast. The former had a pair of horizontal lines on each cheek, those on the right, black, on the left, red.

It is said that formerly these dancers were nude, except for the breech-cloth and moccasins. The entire body was painted. There seemed to have been no fixed painting, but the sun, moon, and stars were usually represented. Around the head, they wore a wreath of juniper and bands of sagegrass around the neck, wrists, and ankles.

The weather dancers are not permitted to eat or drink during the day. Formerly, they remained in the booth continuously until the evening of the fourth day of their dancing; in recent years, they spend the night at home and return to the booth in the morning.

The functions of these dancers are not clearly understood. They seem to be held responsible for the weather: i. e., upon them falls the duty of preventing rain from interfering with the dancing. Whether they do this because they happen to have independent shamanistic powers or whether it is a mere function of their temporary office in the ceremony, cannot be determined. Other medicinemen often attempt to control the weather during the days preceding the formal entry into the booth as well as during the later days. In 1903 (Piegan) there was a contest between a number of rival medicinemen some of whom conjured for rain, others for fair weather: strange to say, clouds would threaten and then pass away during these days, which coincidence was interpreted as proof of evenly matched powers. Several times one of the partisans of fair weather came out near the site of the dancing lodge and danced to the sun, holding up a small pipe and occasionally shouting. He wore no regalia and danced in a different manner from that observed among the weather dancers at the booth. However, the man who led the weather dancers for many years until his death in 1908, was famous for his control over the weather. Once, it is told, he became enraged at the power making the weather bad, shouting out "Now, you go ahead, if you want to. I have great power and can stop you when I will."

In former times, the dreams of the weather dancers while sleeping in the booth were considered of special supernatural significance, since, it is said, they were *en rapport* with the sun. This *rapport* may account for what seems to be one of their chief functions — blessing the people. During the days they are in the booth, individuals come to them "to be prayed for." They come up and stand before the booth. The dancer takes black paint and paints their faces. Then he prays to the sun for their

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

787 And said Little Bird Woman: "Oh, brother, after your fast, join
785 Seizers; they are the best clothed, best singers and dancers of all of
575 the warrior bands."

"No, you will join the Raven Carriers, they such always-successful warriors. My father, my brother were members of it," the mother said.

785 There followed some argument between mother and son over
787 which of the medicine men (Sun priests) should be asked to pray
[778] for his safety and success in his lone and strenuous fast. The result was that Fox Eyes brought in his horses, roped and led one of them before the lodge of Black Otter, owner of the sacred Thunder Pipe bundle, gave him the horse and said: "*Haiyu!* Oh, powerful, Sun-favored Thunder Pipe man. I am to undergo my lone fast. Help me. Pray for me!"

346 "Yes. Build a sweat lodge at once and I will join you in it," the old man answered.

Badger Woman, her daughter, and some of their women friends were already building the sweat lodge. In shape it was a semisphere, about ten feet in diameter; its frame, of willows; its covering, an old lodge-skin. In its center a small pit was dug; and lastly, in the near-by fire, some stones were set to heat.

783 Came presently Black Otter with his sacred pipe, a wooden bowl,
793 and a buffalo tail; and he and Fox Eyes went into the little lodge,
[778] undressed, thrust out their clothing, and naked sat. The women passed in the red-hot rocks, and with a stick Fox Eyes rolled them into the pit; lastly, the old man's bowl, filled with water, was passed
533 to him. He dipped the buffalo tail in it, sprinkled the rocks, and, as
782 dense steam began to fill the lodge, he sang the first one of his Thunder Pipe songs and then fervently prayed Sun to protect Fox Eyes, to give him success in the lone fast which he was about to endure.
● [821] Followed more sprinklings of rocks; more songs; more prayers to Sun, Night Light (the moon), the Seven Persons (constellation of
778 Ursa Major), and Thunderbird. Lastly, with the sacred pipe in hand,
776 Fox Eyes prayed the Above Ones for success in his undertaking, for
782 long life and happiness for his family, and for all of the people of his tribe.

houses, and where once our buffalo had grazed, now grazed his white horns (cattle). Is it any wonder that I felt sad?

Two mornings on from Yellow River, I arrived at the foot of Black Mountain, that lone, bare, black lift of rock at the head of It-Crushed-Them-Creek (Armell Creek) and climbed it for my rest and sleep. It had ever been a lookout place of war parties. Upon its summit was a circle of rocks, piled breast-high by some long-ago war party for shelter from the winds. I got into it, sat, and, happening to look down, found an arrow point of shiny black stone, there lost or given to the gods, perhaps, by some warrior of the very long-ago. I put it in my pouch. My finding of it, I thought, was a sign of good luck ahead for me. Once before I had rested in this rocks circle with a war party led by Heavy Runner—I his servant, learning the ways of the warrior. Then north to Big River, west to Yellow River, east to Other-Side Bear River (the Musselshell), and beyond them as far as we could see were countless herds of buffalo and antelope. And now what did I see as I looked down on It-Crushed-Them Creek? White men's houses; white horns and sheep grazing where once our own food animals had grazed. I must not think of all the wrongs we had suffered from the whites, I thought. It is now for me to do successfully this that I have set out to do. I prayed to the Above Ones, to my own secret helper, and slept.

On the following morning, just before Sun appeared, I went into hiding in the timber of Other-Side Bear River, right where, five winters back, thirty lodges of us Pikunis had camped and hunted buffalo. We had come there from the big camp of our people at Raven Quiver's (Joseph Kipp's) trading post on Yellow River. Soon having all of the meat and hides that our pack horses could carry, we set out to return there and that evening camped on It-Crushed-Them Creek. On the following day, when we were nearing Yellow River, Cold Maker brought upon us a terrible storm, and before we could arrive there two of our women and a boy froze to death. I was thinking about it as I lay down to rest. I slept and had a vision: Appeared my sacred-animal helper and said to me: "This was a bad-luck camping place for your people; some of them died upon their

the other one: "Come on! Come on!" and together they rode swiftly down off the plain out of my sight, having probably found their horses. Then how sure I was that the Above Ones and my secret helper, sacred animal of my vision, were powerfully aiding me; would surely help me to do this that I had set out to do. Hunger, thirst were nothing. I prayed to my powerful helpers, I sang the Wolf Song, lay down, and slept at times during the day.

I was sitting up when Sun was going down beyond the western mountains, going on to his far-off island home in the Everywhere Water. I was so thirsty that my throat and lips were swollen. The plain, so far as I could see it, was bare of any kind of life, but I was taking no chances of being discovered by Crows or whites. I waited until it was fully dark, then set out for the river. I struck the rim of the plain where, in the morning, the two riders had appeared; looking down into the valley, there, as I expected it would be, I saw the Crow camp. There were more than a hundred lodges, all glowing red with their evening fires; and faintly came to me the drumming and singing of happy people. I stole down into the valley. The camp was in a wide, long bottom of grassland and well out from the timber bordering the river. There were many horses grazing in it. I did not want any of them; my takings would be the powerful, fast, valuable horses that were nightly tied before the lodges of their owners. I passed the camp so closely west of it that I could plainly hear the people talking and little children squalling. On weak, trembly legs I pushed on through the timber and at the shore of the river, knelt, and drank and drank of its cold, soothing water. Then I sat back and for the first time ate of the pemmican in my war sack; not much, for I was saving it for just such times as this—times when, close to my enemies, I could neither kill a meat animal nor build a fire.

The water and the food gave me back my strength. I cautiously moved out to the edge of the timber to look at the camp; I would wait for the lodge fires to die out, the people to sleep, and then go in for the horses. Straight out from me, midway between the camp and the timber, some men built a large fire and began dancing in the light of it. I could plainly see them, their beautiful war clothes, their longtail war bonnets. Very graceful was their dancing and

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through which to look, ate a few mouthfuls of pemmican, filled and lit and smoked my pipe, felt so happy that it was hard to keep from singing a victory song. I was so near the Crow camp that I could hear now and then, though faintly, the barking of the dogs.

Sun was but a little way up in the blue when I saw a rider coming up the shore of the river and heard others coming up in the timber, now and then calling to one another. The shore rider came on bent over, looking for footprints or any other sign of the killer of the night. Well, he wouldn't find any of mine. With some fine brush that I gathered I had swept out my footprints as I made them in crossing the sandy shore to the water. So was it that, when the rider came to my point, he crossed the base of it without even looking out at the driftwood in which I sat watching him. Soon he passed around a bend of the river above and was gone. Below me the river ran straight a long way without a bend; so I saw women of the camp come out to it for water; men drive their bands of horses out to drink. Children, too, came out and played for long upon the shore. I felt safe there in the drift pile. I got down into the bottom of it and slept upon the dry sand.

Sun was passing down behind the mountains when I awoke and crawled up to my sitting place in the driftwood. Some of the Crows were driving their horses to drink and catching their best ones to tie before their lodges for the night. I prayed the Above Ones to help me safely get off with some of them. As soon as it was dark I left the drift pile, ate a very little of my pemmican, drank, and walked slowly down through the timber to the place in its edge where I had sat the night before. But now the people in the camp were not as they had been then. They were not singing, drumming, dancing, nor even laughing. Their quiet talking was like the far-off buzzing of bees. They were sad because of the one of them I had killed. He must have been a chief, I thought.

The stars were shining in the clear sky, but Night-Light (Moon) did not appear. Impatiently I waited for the lodge fires to cease burning, for the people to sleep. Often I looked up at the Seven Persons (Ursa Major). They had moved around nearly to their middle-of-the-night position when, again praying the Above Ones for help,

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721 [821] I got up and stole toward the camp. Nearing its upper end, I moved more and more slowly—a step or two at a time. A horse was standing before the doorway of the uppermost one of the lodges. It was not frightened, did not move as I approached it. One of the sleepers in the lodge was snoring. Untying the short picket rope of the horse, I led him off very slowly, so slowly that his hoofs made no sound upon the thickly grassed ground. Going to the edge of the timber, I tied him there and went back for another one. But that time I got two. Then I hesitated. Should I or should I not go back to the camp once more? The horses that I had were good ones; perhaps I should be satisfied with my taking and go. But it would be as easy to make [787] off with four as it would with three; and I had strong feeling that the [776] Above Ones and my secret helper would keep me safe. Back I went [552] and led out another horse, a big, fat, well-built stallion that I at once named *Sikopi* ("Black-and-White-Spotted") because of his color. I rope-bridled him, got onto him, and leading the three others, rode slowly up onto the plain. There turning the three loose, I drove them fast, heading for home.

The Crows, no doubt, rode far and wide in search of the stealer of their four horses, but they failed to find me. I had but one bad time on my long, back trail and that was my own fault. I had stopped for the day at Yellow River, and with the horses well hidden in a dense, high, growth of willows, I had a good rest and sleep; toward evening, over a small fire, I broiled and ate plenty of the meat of a deer that I had killed that morning just before entering the timber. But I was too eager to go on, to get home with my fine taking of Crow horses. Though I better knew than to do it, though I well knew that I should remain right where I was until real night came, I started on just as Sun was going down to his western home. And no more had I gotten out upon the plain than two white men who were driving a band of white horns toward the river, saw me, came riding and yelling after me. I rode fast, too, as fast as I could drive my three loose horses. Then soon they began shooting at me with their short-guns (six-shooters), and I saw that they could overtake me. Well, I had to stop them or be killed, so I stopped, got down from my horse and began shooting with my rifle—not right at them, but close to

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them. *Ha*! At once they knew that I had the best of them with my long-barreled rifle, and as I fired a fourth time they turned and fled.

Near morning of my tenth night of travel from Elk River, I came to our Pikuni camp, strung out along Badger Creek above our agency. My women were to stop with my cousin, Little Dog, and his family during my absence, so I happily went into his lodge, almost shouting: "Wake up, my cousin! Wake up, my women! I am here! I have been successful: I killed a Crow! I return with four Crow horses!"

My women sprang up and hugged me, shouting: "Our man has returned! Our man has killed an enemy! Our man has taken four enemy horses! Our man, White Quiver, he is brave!"

But Little Dog did not speak until the women had quieted, and then he said to me: "News of what you have done arrived ahead of you. The Crow agent wrote our agent that a Crow had been killed and four Crow horses had been stolen, perhaps by the Pikunis. If that proved to be true, he asked our agent to seize and hold the horses, and he would send for them. So is it that our seizers (Indian police) are looking for your return, to take the horses, should you have them.

Hearing that, oh, how angry I was! "Are we their slaves, that the whites can do this to us?" I cried. "That we fight our enemies, raid their horse herds, is of no concern whatever to the whites."

"It is as it is. You well know that we have to obey the order of the whites; we are too few to fight them. There is but one thing for you to do if you would profit from your long, hard raid: Take your four horses to the north-land and trade them to our Blood or Blackfeet relatives. And go now, at once, before our seizers begin their daily rounds."

"Yes! Go! Go at once lest our agent have you seized and put into his iron-barred-windows house," my women wailed.

"Give me food and I will go. Never shall the Crows get back these horses that I took from them," I said.

Hurriedly I ate the food that my crying women set before me, and tired, sad and angry both, was off again and facing a fierce wind- and snow-storm that Cold Maker had brought from his Always Winter Land. It was not midday when, despite the storm, I topped the

ward, some Black Robes lived. Old Mission, not far below there, was Heavy Shield's camp, and Big Skunk set up his camp of many lodges on Point-of-Rocks River, close to where it flows into Big River.

Came Falling-Leaves Moon and a number of the men of my father's camp and Calf Looking's camp set out to raid the horses of the Flatheads (Kalispel tribe), going by way of the pass at the head of Two Medicine Lodges River. There were four who went from Calf Looking's camp and one of them was Big Snake, he who had the longest hair of all of our people, men and women. It was gray, and its braids were so long that they hung down almost to the ground as he walked. To the right front braid was always tied a white shell in which were seven holes, they representing the Seven Persons (Ursa Major), to whom he prayed. In a sun-given vision that he had experienced they had appeared to him and said they would be their sacred, powerful helpers.

It was in the Falling-Leaves moon when the war party set out to raid the Flatheads, and winter had come when the members of it from my father's camp returned—came charging, singing in with many horses that they had taken from the Flatheads and proudly waving some Flathead scalps. And at once they inquired for the four other members of their party: Big Snake, Yellow Weasel, Cut Finger, and New Robe. Had we seen them or heard of their return? Learning that we knew nothing of them, they went on to say that, soon after they had crossed the Backbone (the Rockies), Big Snake and his three friends had left them; had turned north to raid the Kutenai people, and they wondered what had been their success.

Early morning after the return of the war party, my father told me to round up our horses and catch two of them, his fast buffalo horse, Short Tail, and my favorite horse, Striped Face, for he was going hunting and I was to accompany him and help him butcher his kills.

I soon had the horses tied before our lodge. My mother set food before us. We ate plenty, saddled, and were off, riding southward out upon the plain, expecting soon to sight a herd of buffalo. But none were in sight when we topped the rim of the plain, and we rode on and on, my father repeatedly saying: "Now, this is strange! But

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three days ago everywhere out here were herds of buffalo grazing, resting, and now there are none. Nor have our hunters been out this way. Why, then, did the herds leave so suddenly? I don't like it. I believe that it is a warning that danger of some kind threatens us."

"Then let us go back, go home, or hunt north of our camp," I proposed.

"No. We will keep on. Watch carefully ahead for the danger, whatever it may prove to be," my father answered.

We rode on and on, still without sighting a buffalo herd nor even any old, straggling bulls. So going, we came to a large, grassy lake, upon which many flocks of swans, geese, and ducks were resting, feeding, loudly honking and quacking—a flock now and then rising and going on southward toward the Always-Summer-Land.

Said my father: "Those water birds are better off than we are. They can go where Cold Maker cannot follow them, and we have to endure his snow and cold."

"But why can't we all go, too, down into that Always-Summer-Land?" I asked.

"Good reason why we can't: so many tribes of enemies down there that they would kill us off."

No sooner had he answered my question when, topping a little ridge just beyond the south end of the lake, we discovered not far ahead a party of men on foot—a war party of some kind, without doubt. And seeing us, one of them stepped aside from the others and signed to us: "Come on. Join us. Smoke with us. Our hearts are good. We will be at peace with you."

"Oh, don't go. They are our enemies. They will kill us," I cried to my father.

Again the man signed to us, this time saying: "Come on. Join us. Smoke with us. We are Crows. We will be friends together."

Said my father to me: "My son, though they are Crows, our worst enemies, I cannot be a coward. I have to accept their offer, go smoke with them. So come on."

Oh, how frightened I was as we neared those many Crows—fifty-three of them—all well armed, staring solemnly at us. Signed their leader as we came to them and got down from our horses: "It is good

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that you have come to smoke with us Crows. Now, tell us, who are you?" 721

Signed my father, "We are Pikunis." Then said to me, as it is bad luck for men to speak their own names: "Son, tell them who I am." [201] [777]

Tremblingly I complied. "He is my father. His name, it is Bear Chief. He is a Pikuni chief," I signed. [551]

"Good," the Crow leader signed. And then: "You are Bear Chief, Pikuni chief. I am Painted Shield, Crow chief. So now we will sit and smoke together and have a good talk."

With that he pointed to the near top of a small ridge that the wind had blown bare of snow. We went there, sat down in a circle, and Painted Shield had one of the men fill and light a big pipe to be smoked in turn by all. As it came to my father I felt better and said to him: "You smoke the peace pipe with them, so is it that we are safe. They will not harm us in any way."

"With any other enemy war party that would be true. But the Crows are different. They are liars. A peace smoke means nothing to them. Son, I have to be very wise else this will be the end for us," my father answered, and again I was full of fear. [186]

As the pipe went the round of our circle, was smoked out, refilled, and started on another round of us, my father and the Crow chief sign-talked to one another. Painted Shield said that he was leading his party to cross the Backbone and raid the horse herds of the west-side people; my father, in turn, said that we were on our way from our camp on Milk River to visit in the camp of the Pikuni chief, Calf Looking, on Point-of-Rocks River. Hearing him say that, how surprised I felt. Almost I cried out to him about it but held back in time, well knowing that whatever he said or did he would have good reason for it. 721 201

And then, at last, my father signed to Painted Shield: "My friend, see, Cold Maker is coming down from the north with more cold wind and snow. Best that you and your friends go with me to Calf Looking's camp and rest. Eat plenty, sleep in the warm lodges, and so in the morning be strong to go on your way." [821] [776]

All of the Crows looked to the north. True, Cold Maker was coming, hidden in a black cloud low down upon the plain. Signed Painted

Shield: "Bear Chief, it is true; Cold Maker is coming. We will be glad to go with you to the camp of your friends for the night. So let us go at once. You and your son lead the way. Walk your horses, even trot them. We will keep up with you."

We had traveled but a little way when Cold Maker overtook us with his fierce, cold wind and snow so blinding that we could only dimly see each other. But my father was sure of his course, and as we neared Point-of-Rocks River, Cold Maker was suddenly gone on with his storm and Sun was setting in clear, blue sky. As he passed out of sight behind the Backbone, we came to the rim of Point-of-Rocks River and looked down upon the camp of Calf Looking. But instead of the forty lodges of his band we could see only ten, and my father groaned: "*Haiya, haiya!* Oh, how unfortunate for us. So few of them there! Oh, Sun. Pity us. Help us in some way to survive the danger of these many Crows."

Then Painted Shield was signing to him: "Those down there are the lodges of your kind, your friends?"

Smiling, pretending to be happy, my father answered: "Yes, those down there are my relatives. Come, we will join them. Good are their hearts. Soon you will be resting before their lodge fires, eating plenty, smoking." And with that he led us on, loudly singing our song of peace and friendship. All of the people of the lodges ran to stand with Calf Looking and his women before his lodge and stare at us, the men with weapons ready for instant use. And oh, how big, how frightened were the women's and children's eyes.

Calf Looking, laying aside his gun, advanced to meet us, and my father signed and also said to him: "Calf Looking, this is Painted Shield and his war party of Crows. I invited them to stop with you all for the night."

"Good! Good!" he signed to Painted Shield. "Crow chief, we are glad that you have come. You all will rest and smoke and eat with us. My lodge will not hold you all, so, Painted Shield, divide your men, half of them to stop in that lodge next to mine, the lodge of my brother, Running Rabbit."

"I will do as you say. Generous you are," Painted Shield sign-answered and, turning to his men, named those of them to go into

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ventures with animals, and had the Crow chief tell of his experiences. But it was plain to see that they, too, were very tired of it.

At last Calf Looking went outside and, returning, said: "The Seven Persons have turned around to their middle-of-the-night position. I know that you Crows are tired. So this I propose. My women and I will move to Sun Weasel's lodge so then you many Crows can all lie down here and comfortably sleep. We will early return to feast you, smoke with you before you leave to go on across the great Backbone."

Signed the Crow chief to that: "That you say is good. You are generous. When morning comes, we will be glad to eat and smoke with you before we leave."

"Then we go," signed Calf Looking and told his women to gather and take out their buffalo robes and blankets. With that we Pikunis all moved out, stood before Sun Weasel's lodge, undecided about what to do. Said White Wolf: "Perhaps we should have our women and children take to the timber, travel up it as far as they can go, and we men remain here to do the best we can when the Crows attack."

Said my father: "No, that will not do. The Crows are watching us. Were the women and children to sneak out into the timber, they would attack us at once. They want to rest as long as they can. Without doubt they have decided to attack us when day comes and they can see to shoot straight. So I propose that you all go to your own lodges, let your fires die down, give the Crows to think that we do not suspect anything. Nor will they kill us if our messenger brings Big Lake and his fighters here before day comes. For that, pray, all of you. Pray hard."

He finished, and one of Calf Looking's women began to cry, calling out, "Oh, no! Do not keep us here. Let us women and children go to the timber . . . ."

Calf Looking put a hand over her mouth, kept it there, told her to be still, then said to my father: "Bear Chief, wise you are. We will do as you say. So now, friends, all of you to your lodges. Keep your women and children quiet and yourselves be constantly ready for whatever is to happen."

A, [i.e., Ursa Major--Analyst]

[721] With that the men went to their lodges, my father and I with Calf Looking and his women into Sun Weasel's lodge. At once the women began to tell of their fears; the children, to whimper. Sun Weasel scolded them, made them be quiet. He, my father, Calf Looking, [805] and I sat closely side by side before the dying fire. Occasionally those [821] three whispered to one another, one and the other of them rising and going slightly to pull aside the door curtain and look up at the Seven Persons as they turned with the passing of the night. Never can I forget the fear I felt that night.

At last my father whispered to us: "Day is now not far off. Be ready. Be brave, all of you, for whatever we have to face."

Not long after that we heard, somewhere to the south of us, the faint boom of a gun. Hissed my father: "They come, Big Lake and his brave ones. But why, oh why, did they shoot?"

Even as he spoke we could hear faintly the thudding of many feet, and then from the doorway he said: "Going, the Crows. Running. Going down into the timber."

"Yes. And are going to find a good spot to make a strong fight against us," said Sun Weasel.

At that we followed him outside and just in time to see the last of the Crows running down into the timber bordering the river. "They heard it, that gun," said my father.

From all the lodges came the women, children, and the men to join us. All excitedly talking, all hopeful, almost sure that we were to live. Then soon we heard the thunder of many hooves. It grew louder, still louder. And then we were running to meet Big Lake and his braves, more than two hundred of them, as they came riding swiftly into camp.

My father was shouting: "Big Lake! Big Lake! Hear me! Hear me!"

And when the big crowd of them came to a stand, Big Lake shouted: "You calling me. Who are you?"

[551] And then my father, for once speaking his own name, so excited was he: "It is I, your friend, Bear Chief. The Crows heard your gun and have gone. Why, oh, why did you shoot?"

A.[i.e. Ursa Major--Analyst]

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with meat,' I answered, and tearfully, with never another word to me, they set about their work. 721 154

"I did not ask a sacred-pipe man to give me a going-away sweat-lodge bath. No use of that. Time and time again they had done it for me, and always had Sun and his Above Ones failed to heed their fervent prayers for my success against the enemy. [515] [782]

"Night came. Silently my wives watched me sling on my war sack and my shield, take up my gun, and leave them. We were camped, our whole tribe of Pikuni Blackfeet, where Bear (Marias) River joins Big (Missouri) River. Taking up onto the plain, I traveled on eastward, heading the long, deep, and timbered coulees running down into Big River. Old Woman (Night Red Light) came up big and round. The Seven Persons (constellation Ursa Major) were brightly shining and turning in the northern sky, marking the passing of the night. [714] [805] [821]

"Well, one did not need to pray to them for help, I thought. Different from Sun and the other Above Ones, there they were, always helpful when not cloud hidden, plainly telling how long it was since night had come and how far off was the coming of a new day. I was feeling so sad that I had to force myself to walk. What was the trouble with me, what had I done that the Above Ones had failed to hear my prayers to them for success against the enemy, for success in all my activities? They heeded the prayers and the offerings of other men, helped them to be successful in their raids upon our enemies, to become rich from their takings of enemy horses. In all I had been upon eleven raids against the Crows, Cutthroats, Parted Hairs (Sioux), and other enemies, and never yet had I taken an enemy scalp, or even an enemy horse. No wonder that our warriors and hunters shunned me, that my wives lived with me only because they had to. Well, upon this, my twelfth war trail, I would make a successful raid upon the enemy, or die trying, I said to myself, and with that went on more forcefully. [782]

"Herds of buffalo, bands of antelope fled as I approached them. Wolves and coyotes howled and shrilly yelped. A kit fox began following me and I was pleased, thinking it might be a sign of coming 787 777 825 721 154

787 good luck. I turned about and stopped. It stopped, sat on its haunches,
777 and I spoke to it. '*Sinopah*,' I said, 'you, your whole kind are wise.
825 When you are hungry you never fail to catch and kill food, birds
721 and the various small animals; and you all are runners so swift that
154 you always escape from your many enemies who try to kill you. *Sinopah*, pity me. Ask your far-back ancestors' shadows (spirits, souls), they who lived in that long-ago time when all of the various animals and men spoke together, to pity me, help me to be successful in my undertakings. Keep on following me, *Sinopah*, and I will do something for you. I shall presently kill an animal of some kind, and you shall have all that you can eat of it.'

"With that I went on, and seeing that *Sinopah* still followed me I was more than ever pleased. He is going to help me, give me of his power, I thought.

721 "I felt stronger, walked faster, on and on along the rim of the
154 plain, often looking up at the Seven Persons[A] constantly turning in
787 the northern sky. At last they gave me to know that the new day
777 was near. The eastern sky began to whiten, then to redden. *Sinopah*
[805] was still following me. Oh, what a good-luck sign. *Haiya!* Just as
[82] Sun was coming up I heard a sudden tearing sound like that of a dead, loose-barked tree in fierce wind, and looking back, I saw a big eagle swoop down upon *Sinopah* and with one claw in the back of his neck, the other in his loin, rise and fly off with him, *Sinopah* shrilly crying. *Haiya! Haiya!* Even he, his kind, wise and swift though they were, had enemies still more wise and swift, big birds that seized and carried them off for food for their young. Gone my hope for help from *Sinopah*. Sad, feeling weak, I turned off the plain, sped down the long slope to Big River, and drank thirstily of its muddy water.

721 "I was hungry. My pemmican was for a time when I would be
154 close to an enemy camp. Some whitetail deer came to the shore to drink. Should I shoot one, enemies somewhere about might hear the boom of my gun and come searching for me. But I must take that risk. I killed a yearling doe, built a fire, broiled and ate my fill of its meat, broiled more, enough to last several days, then crept into thick brush and slept until night came again.

"Again I took up onto the plain and traveled eastward, heading

A. [i.e., Ursa Major--Analyst]

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726 a brave warrior of twenty-five, and his eighteen-year-old, beautiful sister, Lance Woman, and said that they wanted to join the party.

701 Said *Pinukwiim:* "Lance Woman, my almost-daughter– I call you
726 that because Three Bears, your father, is my very close friend–the long and dangerous war trail that we are to follow is not for such as you, but glad I am to have your brother join us.

Said the girl: "In the very long-age there was a woman warrior, a leader of warriors, to whom, because of her bravery and success, the chiefs gave a man's name, 'Running Eagle' . . . ."

"Yes. And what became of her?" *Pinukwiim* interrupted.

"Raiding a camp of the Kutenais, she was killed. No, almost-daughter not for you the war trail, you so soon to marry brave, good-hearted Young Bull."

787 At mention of that name, Lance Woman drooped, sighed; then
821 straightening up, she loudly said: "I cannot marry him because of a
776 vision that I have had–a vision that I belong to Morning Star, and
701 must go to war."

726 At that all stared at her, and said *Pinukwiim:* "What? A vision, do you say?"

"Yes. In my sleep last night, came to me a tall, beautiful war-clothed man, light shining from him, and said: 'I am Morning Star. I have long watched you. You are mine. You must not marry unless I in my own way give you consent. I want you to paint your forehead as mine is painted and go to war, take many horses.' Then as suddenly as he appeared he was gone."

Loud were the exclamations of her hearers when she finished. How wonderful, how very powerful was her vision. Surely that great sky god, chief of warriors, favored her, favored the Pikunis. Said *Pinukwiim* to her: "Morning Star, next to Sun, is the most powerful of the sky gods. So. He vanished. You awoke. What then?"

"I felt very strange. I thought and thought about my vision, kept it to myself until, my brother saying he would join your war party, I told him of it and that I, too, must go."

"So you shall," *Pinukwiim* assured her. "Yes, and we will do our best to teach you the ways of war. For as the gods direct, so must we do."

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

horses we gathered before *Pinukwiim*'s lodge to sing, as was the custom of all war parties when ready to leave. From their father's lodge came Red Wolf and Lance Woman, and all eyes were at once upon her, for she wore the clothing and accouterments of a man: buckskin shirt and leggings, blue breechcloth, beaded moccasins, red blanket wrap, powder horn and ball pouch at her sides, sheath knife in her belt, light smoothbore gun in her hand. Red painted were her cheeks, and on her forehead, in blue paint, was a +, the symbol of Morning Star. At once several of the women around us began voicing disapproval of her costume, whereat *Pinukwiim* roared: "My friends, our young woman companion is dressed as I requested, for in woman's clothing she would be the one of us most wanted by our enemies. You all know that to them the capture of a fine young woman is more than the taking of many scalps."

In answer to that we heard on all sides shouts of approval: "Take courage, Lance Woman." "Perfectly clothed one, heed not the talk of these few jealous women."

"And now the Wolf Songs," *Pinukwiim* ordered, and we sang them with good will, for they were believed to bring good luck. Lastly we sang the Going-Away Song, very solemn, very slow, the burden of which was: "We go. But still the women will bear children; our tribe shall not end." With that we mounted our horses and were off. None of us spoke, and silent was the crowd watching our departure. Sun was setting as we passed the fort, its inmates gathered before it to see us pass and doubtless wondering as did we—myself, anyhow—how many of us would ever return. Fording the river just above the fort, we climbed up onto the plain and struck off southeast for Arrow Creek. Night came on clear, almost frosty. A full moon enabled us to see the herds of buffalo and bands of antelope that now and then fled from our approach. The howling of wolves and the muffled barking of coyotes were ever in our ears.

It was dawn when we turned down into the deep and narrow valley of Arrow Creek, killed a cow buffalo, took some of its meat, and unsaddled in a grove of cottonwoods. Over a fire of dry, all but smokeless wood, we broiled and ate our fill of the meat, Lance Woman broiling the tongue of the cow for *Pinukwiim*. Very happy

INDIAN NOTES

726 778 821 789 [533] When a war-party of Blackfeet was surrounded by enemies, and the owner of the pipe happened to be one of their number, his tribesmen always believed that they would be safe. If this happened in winter, the pipe-owner unwrapped the pipe, sang his medicine-songs, pointed the pipe backward and forward, and placed it under some earth.[1] A severe snowstorm followed almost immediately, it is said, thus giving the party an opportunity to escape.

Should a war-party have a similar experience in summer, the same ceremony was performed, except that in this case the stem of the pipe was wetted, when a cloudburst was bound to follow, again giving the party a chance to escape.

If a party bent on capturing horses approached an enemy camp on a very clear night, the pipe was unwrapped, whereupon the weather would change, thus giving the Blackfeet an opportunity to enter and leave the camp unseen.

778 821 The pipe is kept outside and taken round the lodge, always facing the sun. At sunset it is taken inside, but before doing so incense is made in the lodge.

787 778 When Little Dog was a young man, about 1835, and owned the Black Wrapped pipe, the

[1] The contact of the pipe with the earth, contrary to the injunction received in the dream, is not explained.

37: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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37: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

not only equivalent to the native sweat lodge, but "that when they had received baptism they can conquer any enemy whatsoever." Furthermore, they believed he could "cause the thunder to roll" when he was not satisfied. Apparently it was this last power, which they attributed to him, that won Father Point his Blackfoot name of "Thunder Chief."[2]

All of the other pictures on this plate refer to aspects of the Indians' traditional religious beliefs – beliefs they had held long before Father Point appeared among them.

The picture at the lower right contrasts most sharply with the Indians' recognition of Father Point as the new Thunder Chief. It depicts the traditional thunder ceremony of the Blackfoot – the medicine-pipe ceremony, performed each spring after the first thunder was heard. As early as 1809 the British fur trader, Alexander Henry, had observed, "Thunder is a man who was very wicked and troublesome to the Indians, killing men and beasts in great numbers. But many years ago he made peace with the Blackfeet, and gave them a pipestem in token of his friendship, since which period he has become harmless" (Henry 1897: II: 366). A well-known tribal myth, recorded by Clark Wissler and David Duvall (1908: 89-90) more than a half-century ago, tells of Thunder's gift of the medicine-pipe to the Blackfoot, along with instructions for the performance of the ceremony in his honor.

The two thunderbirds pictured at the top of this scene were believed to cause thunder and lightning by the flapping of their huge wings. The perspective in the lower portion of this scene is deceptive. Actually the medicine-pipe man is intended to be sitting in front of rather than on top of the dry-painting altar which was specially made for use during the ceremony. He wears the distinctive, club-like headdress of a Blackfoot medicine-pipe man. The German scientist, Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, while he was among the Blackfoot at Fort Mc Kenzie during the late summer of 1833 observed that the medicine men "divide [their hair] into several thick queues all around, and generally bind them altogether with a leather strap, in a thick knot over the forehead" (Thwaites 1904-1907: XXI: 99-100).

The altar for the Blackfoot medicine-pipe ceremony was of dry color upon the ground in front of the pipe-owner, the leader in the ritual. One half was red (at left in the picture), and the other half black (at right). Four feather plumes – two red and two black – were placed upright at the corners of the altar. These characteristics of the altar for the medicine-pipe ceremony are correctly depicted in the artist's scene.

The medicine-pipe ceremony and that of the horse medicine cult among the Blackfoot were closely associated. On the night of March 29, 1943, I witnessed a horse medicine ceremony conducted by Wallace Night Gun, then leader of that cult on the Blackfeet Reservation. The altar prepared, used, and destroyed before the conclusion of that lengthy ceremony was like the one pictured by the unknown Indian artist in his representation of the medicine-pipe ceremony nearly a century earlier (Ewers 1955: 265-66, fig. 33). Wissler has described in

37: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

532 342 were snake-painted tipis among three of the four major divisions of the Blackfoot – the South Piegan (in Montana), and the North Piegan and Blood (in Canada), while the North Blackfoot had a Big Snake (rattlesnake) tipi. He also described one of these tipis (Wissler 1912: 220-22, 337-38).

[123] Ninety-five years after the unnamed Blackfoot artist pictured a snake-painted tipi, I saw one of them, then owned by Yellow Kidney and his wife, in the sun dance encampment near Browning. The snakes' heads were painted red, and their bodies were alternating blocks of red and green, zig-zagging around the tipi cover against a white background – much as they are pictured by the Blackfoot artist in 1847. The bottom portion of the tipi cover was also painted red with white discs, and three horizontal red bands were painted at the top of the white background of the central portion – as in the earlier artist's rendering. The upper portion (representing the night sky) was painted black, although the small discs within that area (representing stars) were green on the Yellow Kidney tipi, [178] whereas they are white in the artist's version of the snake-painted tipi. It is significant that the design of this painted tipi changed very little over a period of a century, during which it must have been repainted many times on new lodge covers of buffalo cow skin and more recently of white cloth, or canvas.

532 776 The crescent-shaped moon (in black) and circular sun (orange) appearing in the left center of the artist's work must be intended to show that Sun and Moon were major supernaturals recognized by the Blackfoot. In the tribal mythology 821 Moon is considered to be Sun's wife, and Morning Star was their son. This [773] relationship is repeatedly referred to in such well-known Blackfoot myths as [796] Scar Face, and The Fixed Star (or The Woman Who Married a Star) – myths [178] which account for the origin of the sun dance, and the symbolism of the sacred digging stick carried by the medicine woman in that most important tribal religious ceremony (Wissler and Duvall 1908: 58-68). On some of the dry-painting altars employed in Blackfoot ceremonies the moon is represented in black paint as in the artist's drawing. But on the sun dance altar it is yellow, with a narrow black center. It is always portrayed as a crescent (Wissler 1912: 254-57).

532 825 [776] This leaves only the small panel at the bottom left of the plate to be interpreted. Perhaps the artist chose to picture the pair of antelopes as a further indication of the variety of sources of supernatural power known to the Blackfoot. The antelope might, of course, have been the artist's own supernatural helper. The Blackfoot knew the antelope as the swiftest of the larger mammals on the plains. Antelope power provided a war medicine. [526] Contenders in the foot races between members of the different men's societies [575] during the summer sun dance encampments also wanted antelope power to enhance their swiftness afoot.

178 [123] [797] [144] I was privileged to live among the Blackfoot Indians in Montana for three and one-half years (1941-1944) nearly a century after Father Point first brought the teachings of Christianity to those Indians. Blackfoot life and culture had changed markedly during the intervening years. By the early 1940s less than 20%

The antiquity of parfleches and other painted rawhide containers is in doubt. Descriptions of the Blackfeet written prior to the fourth decade of the nineteenth century do not mention them. Yet Maximilian's account of these people in 1833, mentions "many kinds of painted parchment bags" then in use. It is possible that the Blackfeet did not make them at all before they acquired horses, and that prior to that time containers were of lighter, soft dressed skins, in the form of drawstring bags, such as were widely used by the neighboring Plains Cree in more recent times.

Since the extermination of the buffalo the Blackfeet have made rawhide cases after traditional patterns from cowhide. Because they are so useful for storing small articles, some parfleches are still in use among the older Blackfeet.

Men's painting on rawhide was confined primarily to the decoration of shields and drum heads. Shields were made from the thick hide of the buffalo bull's neck, shrunken over a fire in the ground, and trimmed into a circular form about 18 inches in diameter. The paintings on shields represent the buffalo, the sun, the moon or

[P. 19-B]

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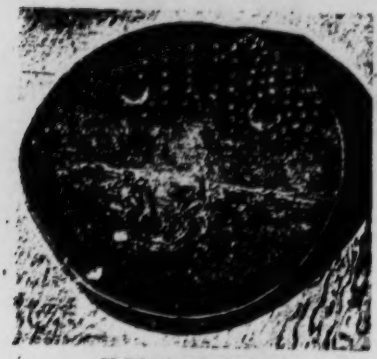

14. Painted ceremonial drum.

stars. They were symbolic medicine paintings intended to protect the shield owner in war. An old Blackfeet shield bearing a single crude painting of a buffalo in red is shown in figure 13. As was customary, a fringe of eagle feathers surrounds the rawhide body of the shield. Symbolic paintings were also made on the heads of drums used in ceremonials, such as the drum from a medicine pipe bundle bearing the claws of the thunder bird and dots symbolizing hail shown in figure 14. Horse and deer hides were preferred for drum heads.

532 714 [821] [237] 532 534 825 [821] [237]

Painting on Soft Skins

Women also painted geometric patterns on the soft tanned inner surfaces of buffalo robes. Generally the robes were spread out on the ground, hair side down. Some women used one or the other of the two methods of applying the paint to robes explained in our description of parfleche painting, while others employed a third method. The outlines of the painted forms were pressed firmly into the soft surface of the hide with a flattened stick marking tool, drawn along the edge of a willow stick ruler. Then the bone paint brushes were used to paint in the designs with a mixture of paint, water, and glue from the second scrapings of a hide.

532 294

At one time Blackfeet women may have painted other geometric patterns on buffalo

531 294

[P·20-A]

from two to four pairs of them are depicted. The figures face east. 531 532

These animal figures generally are very stylized and decorative. Usually the body is of one solid color, either black, red or yellow. A characteristic elaborative device on most of them is the representation of the throat, heart and kidneys, which were believed to have been the sources of power of the animals depicted. [776] [825]

Many lodges decorated with animal paintings, and a number of others not so decorated, employ a similar composition of the upper and lower portions of the cover into two fields for geometric painting. At the bottom, a banded area two or more feet in height usually is painted red to represent the earth. Within this red area are one or two rows of unpainted disks representing fallen stars. A row of triangular or rounded projections upward from this band appears on a number of lodge covers, representing rounded hills or sharp mountain peaks. A banded area at the top of the cover, including the projecting ears, generally is painted black to represent the night sky. Two arrangements of unpainted disks within this area, one on each ear flap, represent the constellations of the Great Bear and the Pleiades. A Maltese cross on the west side of this top area is said to represent the morning star, or butterfly, believed to bring powerful dreams to the lodge owner. 821 531 532

In the old days only a small proportion 531 121

531 532

23. Figures on the south side of an otter painted lodge, 1943

[P.27-A]

42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the centre of the lodge the fire was made, and to keep the fire from spreading and to adapt it for cooking purposes, a small circle of stones was placed which confined the fire. When the camp was moved the circles of stones were left, and that which we saw was one of the circles. . . .

In the brush fringing the rivers of the west stone circles, deeply imbedded in the soil, are found, linking the past with the present.

An eyewitness account of the use of stones by the Blackfoot to hold down lodge margins was given by John R. Barrow, a Wisconsin youth in Montana in 1880–82. The camp was that of Running Rabbit and his followers (Phillips, 1927, p. 9):[4]

> The typical tepee was a conical lodge of specially tanned elkskin stretched over a framework of perhaps twenty-five skin peeled lodge-pole pine. The bottom of the tepee was held down by stones.

Schultz, who lived in Montana during the last decades of the 19th century, speaks of stone circles marking the encampments of winter hunters (Schultz, 1907, p. 63):

> You have perhaps noticed on the northwestern plains, circles of stones or small boulders, varying in size from twelve to twenty and more feet in diameter. They were used to weight the lower edge of lodge skins, to prevent the structure being blown over by a hard wind, and when camp was moved they were simply rolled off the leather. Many of these circles are found miles and miles from any water, and you may have wondered how the people there encamped managed to assuage their thirst; they melted snow; their horses ate snow with the grass; buffalo chips were used for fuel. The stone circles mark the place of an encampment of winter hunters in the long ago. Some of them are so ancient that the tops of the stones are barely visible above the turf, having gradually sunk into the ground of their own weight during successive wet seasons.[5]

George Bird Grinnell talked to the older men of the Blackfoot tribes in the years immediately preceding 1890. He collected the following data on circles of stones (Grinnell, 1892, p. 198):

> In ancient times, before they had knives of metal, stones were used to hold down the edges of the lodge, to keep it from being blown away. These varied in size from six inches to a foot or more in diameter. Everywhere on the prairie, one may now see circles of these stones, and, within these the smaller ones, which surrounded the fireplace. Some of them have lain so long that only the tops now project above the turf, and undoubtedly many of them are now buried out of sight.

The age of the use of stones as lodge-cover weights is indicated by the fact that it has become an intimate part of Blackfoot astronomy. Brings-Down-the-Sun, an old Blood ceremonialist, in relating the "Star Husband" tale to McClintock (1910, p. 500) pointed out that the constellation known as the Spider Lodge was thus named because of the arrangement of its stars, suggesting a tipi ring:

> The half circle of stars to the east (Northern Crown) is the lodge of the Spider Man, and the five bright stars just beyond (in the constellation of Hercules) are

[4] Claude E. Schaeffer, Portland, Oreg., kindly brought this reference to my attention.

[5] In a letter dated March 25, 1954, John C. Ewers commented on this passage, "The use of stones to hold down tipis in winter could be a survival in historic times from a common (perhaps year-round) custom in the protohistoric. Undoubtably it would be quite a task to drive pegs into frozen ground in the winter season."

42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

his five fingers, with which he spun the web, upon which So-at-sa-ki was let down from the sky. Whenever you see half-buried and overgrown circles, or clusters of stones on the plains, marking the sites of Blackfeet camps in the ancient days, when they used stones to hold down the sides of their lodges, you will know why the half-circle of the stars was called by our fathers, "The lodge of the Spider Man."

In another place (McClintock, 1910, p. 492) Brings-Down-the-Sun, in discussing the origin of the Sun Dance, pointed out:

We know not when the Sun-dance had its origin. It was long ago, when the Blackfeet used dogs for beasts of burden instead of horses; when they stretched the legs and bodies of their dogs on sticks to make them large, and when they used stones instead of wooden pegs to hold down their lodges.

During the years immediately preceding 1909, Clark Wissler recorded information on the material culture of the Blackfoot Indians. He notes (Wissler, 1910, p. 108):

During the winter, or even at any time, the cover of the tipi was often held down by stones laid on its edges. Circles of such stones are to be seen in many parts of the Blackfoot country, marking the sites of former camps or burial tipis.

Wissler (1913, p. 430) takes the following from Duvall's notes on the construction of the Ma'toki dance structure made from lodge covers, with rocks to weight down the bottoms:

The ma'toki dance but once a year when the camp circle is formed. Their ceremony lasts four days. First they make a shelter somewhat like the one used for the sun dance. A tipi pole is set up in the center, with a peculiar cross piece near the top. A number of travois are set in a circle around this pole and joined together by tipi poles tied along the top, making a single railing all the way around. Then other tipi poles are tied to this and to the cross piece on the center pole, forming rafters like in the sun dance shelter. On the sides and over the top are stretched tipi covers. At the bottom they are weighted with stones. Along the sides within blankets are suspended.

It has been noted that another neighbor of the Blackfoot, the Crow Indians to the south, used rocks to weigh down their lodge covers. During visits to the Crow Reservation during the period 1907–16, Lowie (1922, p. 224) obtained the following information concerning the practice:

Bear-Crane stated that long ago rocks instead of pegs were used to weigh down the bottom of tipi covers; another informant restricts the practice to the winter season.

There are, perhaps, other documentary references to the topic that have escaped my attention, but those cited are numerous enough, it is believed, to indicate that the Blackfoot, Cree, Crow, Dakota, and probably other tribes in the northwestern Plains employed stones or occasionally sod as lodge-cover bottom weights. Our references cover the period from 1833 down to contemporary times, when stones are rarely seen, and the wooden tent peg appears to be ubiquitous.

42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of charcoal and charred wood was found. Since the wind appeared to blow from the southwest, it was surmised that here was represented the last remnants of the fire, blown from the hearth but caught under the edge of this rock. 172

Summary of fieldwork.—As in the case of the historical accounts and the ethnographic material, the archeological information collected on the Backfeet Indian Reservation supports the conclusion that the tipi rings were used to hold down lodge covers. 121 342 172

Sheer numbers of tipi rings alone give testimony that they served a domestic function, rather than having been of occasional ceremonial use. Their location on flat or nearly flat areas in good camping spots, where they appear to have had taken into account, in their placement, factors of drainage, wind, and other climatic influences, support their use as habitation sites. The topographic settings concur with the camping patterns (of which regular plans of a limited number of types were observed) in suggesting seasonal variations in camps, reflecting an annual cycle of activities such as is known from historic tribes.

The size of the tipi rings on the Reservation vary to a limited extent, but the range and the average both coincide with the sizes of lodges used as conical dwellings among the historic tribes. The variations can be explained by both individual owners and by temporal differences. The number of rings in a site approximate the number of lodges in historic camps, changing from season to season in a regular cycle.

No eccentric tipi rings were found, nor any partial or overlapping rings. All the tipi rings observed on the Reservation were suitable in construction and shape for use as lodge-cover weights. The rocks making up the rings were uniform within a restricted range of size, shape, type of material, total numbers, and arrangements, and the aggregate of these features reinforces the surmise that they were weights for the skin lodges. The absence of rocks, in a few of the tipi rings, in a small area toward the east is reminiscent of the historic tribes' tradition of placing a doorway toward the rising sun. [82] [823]

The occurrence of rock concentrations and rock-lined fire hearths in several tipi rings is further evidence of their use as habitations, while the absence of these hearths in numerous rings agrees with native informants' memories of cooking being done outside the lodge.

A comparison between the sizes of tipi rings and the depths to which their rocks are embedded, as well as the total numbers of rings and of sites at different depths, suggests a temporal change in tipi ring size. The change could well be due to the shift in cultural and economic patterns outlined by Lewis (1942, pp. 35–36).

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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Montana

ksînæskuyîu. A´inoßχkonoyiu einí. Itáumatapauakimàu. Itß´χpokyapauauatutsiu, einí ómßχtapakaièpi. Pisamiks itáiinapitakìau. Kokúsi itáipuyìau nínaiks: Mínatsipiomaχkàt. Aiínapitakiòp. A´mom otsítakaièpi einíua, itauáuaksisau. Itáukakiu, áikaitsauapotoyìu otápimi ótàsiks. Nató´sii mátæsæmiuàie. Aikskísaie, saiipúnikskisàie, itáiikokakìu. O´nokßmitàsina áikaisaiepiskoàu. Mátaisamòa itáisapiskoχtòaii sámiks kátauaiß´χtsimiks. A´istæmisokaniòp: A´iaua itsínitau. A´isautomoau. O´ksòkoaiks itápauasainisòiau. O´ksòkoaiks ßχkanáikimmatoχkoßminiks. Ki omí aχkúiinnimàni itsitáisapiχ´takiau píksistsimàni. Ki itæχtáisainisatsiiau. Omí nínai ápauauaχkai itß´χkotsiauaie aχkúiinnimàn. Itauánistsiauaie: Annóχk ámoi kitótsisisin. Kímmokit, nitsíkimmatoχkni. Nßχksikímmokit, naχkítskìχ´t. Minakáuoχs kokuíste, naχkítsàpi motokß´ni.

Much-driftwood, [and] the Big Sandhills [local names] and [then] turn back. They turned back and moved up to Rotten-willow-wood [a local name]. They were moving this way to Buffalo-lip [and] Many-snakes [also local names]. They finally found the buffalo. Then they began to chase the buffalo. Then they moved about that way, where there were many buffalo. Those that hunted far gave the alarm [suspecting the enemy being near]. In the night the chiefs would talk. [They would say:] Do not go far. We have had alarm. Over there, where there are many buffalo, they ran away [scared by some people, enemies of this tribe]. They [the people of the camp] were careful, they would not turn loose their male horses. They would look at the Sun. If he [the Sun] had stripes on each side [the Sun-dogs], if he had often stripes on the sides, then they were very careful. All the horses were not driven far [from the camp]. After a short time the hunters, that did not listen [to the chiefs, and went far from the camp], were charged on [by the enemies]. Then suddenly there would be said: A certain one was killed. He was scalped. His relations began to go about crying. All his relations would suffer. And they would put weeds cut-up with tobacco in a pipe. And they went crying to him [the medicine-man]. To that man, who was walking about,

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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the body. That is what I know about it.

[Cf. in general GRINNELL blt 191 sq., and for N°. 2 WISSLER-DUVALL mbi 95 sqq.]

Snowblindness.

539 821 753 Paχtóχpiks itsitáiχ'tsiau autúsi nistsáuòmaχkoχpotaii. Matáinoàuaiksau. Kónskuyi ítsksìnaiau. Iiksínàkimiau. Istápuiinàniki kónskuyi, itsitáipstauaniàu noápspinàniks. Nitsítàuakinàniau, nitáistamiapstsìiχ'pinan. Asipists nitáutsikstsiχ'pinàni. A'nnistsiaie [757] nitsítaisapapìniχ'pinàni noápsspiuàniks. A'nnistsiaie itáutsisksisiau. Nitáisotàmiàpiχ'pinan. Amóksi paχtóχpiks, áitsiniχ'kàsi amóia kóniskùyi, itáχtsikatsiuasiau. A'nniaie akóχtak A'kai-Pekàniua manistáuakàiks. A'nnakaie nímoχkskìniχ'pinan, náχkanistapistutoaχpiuàniau. Kénniaie nitsó.

The germs of the snow make their appearance in the spring with the last big snow. They cannot be seen. They are insects from the snow. They are very small. When we travel about in the snow, then they will fly in into our eyes. Then they eat us, then we are blind. We chew sinews [till they are] soft and wet. We put those in our eyes and pull them along. They [the insects] stick to them [the sinews]. Then we can see again. When the snow is all gone, then these snow-germs turn into grasshoppers. That is the way, the Peigans of long ago were eaten by them. From them [the ancient Peigans] we learned, how we are to cure them. And that is all.

Ghosts.

539 775 Itstsii istaχpéksiks. A'nnikskaie nitáistunnoanàniau. Natósiks inísau, á'nnikskaukiàu áukàpaiau. Nitáipikokinàniau, nimátaipyãχ- [759] kokinàniau. A'ioχtoχkòχsiks áis-

There are haunting spirits. That are those, we are afraid of. When medicine-men die, those are the ones, [that] are bad. We are shot at by them,

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

122 Tribal Office (I had had enough of the Council for one day), I went out and looked through the museum. And upon returning to town, whom should I encounter but the old Indian who was the model for "War Bonnet" in "Horserace." We remembered each other, but I had
122 forgotten his real name. He wrote it out for me: "Plenty Treaty B.C."
551 Although this gentleman has jet-black braids, he has lived more than seventy summers, and for a moment I toyed with the possibility that "B.C." might be an appended reference to his age. But when I asked him about it he told me that "B.C." stood for Bear Child, and then I remembered his real name: "Louis Bear Child." Jimmy later told me that "Plenty Treaty" was just another name that Louis had decided to adopt, as Indians are wont to do. Jimmy's other
122 names are "Porcupine Bull" and "Eagle Plume." Louis Plenty Treaty
82 Bear Child said that he predicts a storm before the week end, and
787 since this is Thursday, I guess that must mean it will storm tomorrow.

122 For some unexplained reason, the afternoon meeting of the Council did not materialize, so I picked up the boys and we went home. Jimmy says that he has invited some Indian singers to the house tonight, so that I can record them. Right now I smell steak and fried potatoes and I am starving. The Chief is playing with a large black puppy which suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

[20] I noticed that when Earl speaks Blackfoot before a group he gestures with one hand—one, two, or three fingers extended—chopping the air in vertical motions, à la Harry Truman. The Chief gestures the same way, and I wonder whether these gestures are an integral part of Blackfoot oratory. Chow time!

Later: At eight o'clock one of the singers arrived, bringing with him a woman and a small boy. He was sort of an old guy with no braids but with a stiff thatch of thick gray hair standing straight up on his head about four inches high. His name is Phillip Many Hides, and I like him, as I like most of the older Indians. Leaving the woman in the house, Phillip and the child and I went in search of the other singer, Phillip's brother. After driving about two miles west on the main road, I was directed to cut off onto a double-track which wound northward past the high aspen groves, leading finally to a small house hidden deep in the hills. I waited in the car while Phillip went inside. When he returned, a full five minutes later, he said, "He's not there. He's at his house. He lives down in the hill by the crick." It was pitch dark, and as I strove to turn the car around without backing into an outhouse or something, a kid's tricycle jumped underneath and tore the manifold loose. So we roared

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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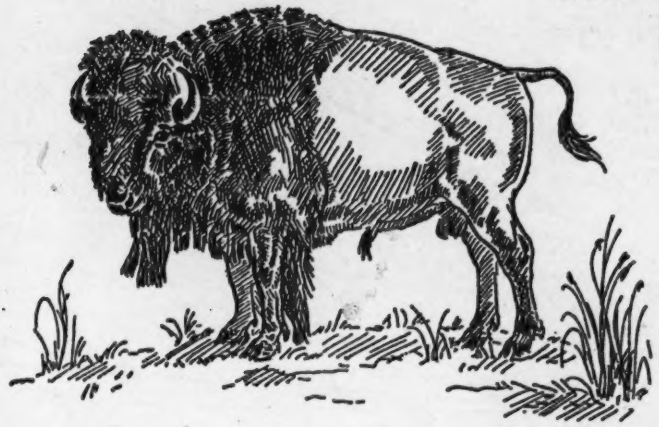

Friday, September 7

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When I finally rolled out, at 8:30, Jim was up and had the house nice and warm and was placidly reading a newspaper. It is snowing and blowing something fierce outside; Plenty Treaty was right. I found the two big dogs cowering in the outhouse, but the puppy is missing. 9:00 now, and the Chief still is not up.

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9:30: The Chief finally got up and I moccasined him and gave him another new pair of wool sox. The old fellow doesn't feel very well—his cold is worse—but he gave me a cheery, *"Ah-siks-kah-nôh-toh-nay"* (good morning). He also remarked that the radio at the Tribal Office had predicted the storm—and I guess that explains Plenty Treaty's meteorological clairvoyance. Jimmy just said, *"Ahk-so-yope"* (let's eat).

[821]

Later: Good chow. Buckwheats and eggs (rescued from Jim's irreverent hand), and the old granite coffeepot full and steaming. After breakfast I offered to give Jim a toothbrush, if he would use it, but he was remarkably disinterested. Jim's teeth are fine, but he has developed tartar deposits which, unless he starts using a toothbrush (or a foot towel), may lead eventually to serious gum trouble. But Jim is fatalistically unconcerned about the whole situation. "If these fall off, I'll get me some ghost teeth [false teeth]," he said, and that closed the discussion.

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I think that the basic hygienic problems among Indians result from the combined facts that the Indians have forgotten the old

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122 602 tives are relatives only because of the singular concept of family relationship held by the Blackfoots. As a for instance, the first person I met at the Dance—a friendly chap named Joe Scabby Robe—immediately informed me that we were kith and kin. As I got the family portrait, Joe Scabby Robe is Earl Old Person's brother-in-law; and since Stanley White Man is also Earl's brother-in-law, and since Stanley is some kind of distant kin to some branch of the Chief's family (by one of his wives, I guess), and since I am now the Chief's son, that makes Joe Scabby Robe and I something-or-other. Which means that I am also related to the only orally deprived child on the Reservation, because Joe was leading by the hand the first thumb-sucking Indian kid I have ever seen.

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122 821 [115] But, relative or not, Joe Scabby Robe is a willing and capable informant and I like him. The wind was rising all the time and the clouds were moving thick in the sky, and Joe pulled up the collar of his maroon nylon jacket and pointed far off to the northeast and said, "You see that big hill down there with the clouds on top? That means storm. We call that hill 'Sweetgrass Hill,' us Indians, and we say when Sweetgrass Hill has got a hat on, that means storm."

This led to a discussion of the unusual weather that the Reservation has been seeing lately, and Jimmy said, "Corn to [according to] some people says, it's that Adam bomb. I don't know what the real made it, but we sure having a funny weather."

122 157 522 As we talked, some friends of Jim drove in and parked nearby. And as soon as the car had stopped, Jim called out, "Hey, when you was driving that car your wheels was going round." Now this was probably the most un-funny remark ever made by an Indian (or anybody else), but everyone in the car laughed heartily. And this brings up an important point: the popular belief that Indians are cold, stoical, sober-sided and full of stiff and pompous dignity could not be further from the truth. Indians have marvelous senses of humor; they love to laugh, and even if your quip is not at all funny, your Indian audience will laugh in appreciation of the fact that you at least made the effort at affability.

522 Strangely enough, Indian humor is neither as sadistic nor as scatological as the humor of Western Whites. The Western White frequently finds humor in physical or mental deformity or in the various biological processes of both men and animals. This, I am convinced, derives from the days on the frontier when a deformity or physical malfunction was a very serious thing because it meant that you could not pull your own weight; there was no room for sympathy in